



## THE TIMES Tomorrow

The European Connection: During the past four years, Europe has ceased to be merely a staging post for heroin on its way from Asia to the United States and has become an important market in its own right. On the Spectrum page tomorrow, Stewart Tandler reports on the alarming increase in heroin sales in Europe and the fears that worse is to come.

On the Fashion page, Suzy Menkes takes a look at The Bottom Line.

## Scargill holds key vote

Mr Arthur Scargill, president of the National Union of Mineworkers, holds the casting vote on the union's executive committee after elections in which the moderates lost their majority. There is now a 12-12 tie with the left. Page 2

## Sea homage to Argentine dead

An Argentine Navy ship, an Air Force plane and the merchant ship Lago Lacar are due to converge in the South Atlantic today at the site of the sinking of the Argentine cruiser General Belgrano, to pay homage to the war dead. Page 4

## Opera halted

Financial difficulties have forced the Royal Opera House Covent Garden to cancel Verdi's *La Forza del Destino* which was scheduled for presentation during its 1983-84 season. Page 3

## Hitler move

The West German Government will be asked this week by leading Christian Democrats to investigate whether East German security officials had anything to do with providing the Hitler documents to *Stern* magazine. Page 6

## U-boat found

The discovery of a preserved U-boat has revived a theory about special submarines being commissioned to take top Nazi officials to South America. Page 2

## Salvador attack

Leftist guerrillas brought their latest offensive to the outskirts of San Salvador with attacks on police posts. After holding the town of Santa Rosa de Lima for 12 hours, they withdrew into the mountains. Page 5

## Housing courts

The Government is considering setting up special courts to handle only housing problems. The Minister for Housing is examining proposals from the Royal Institution of Chartered Surveyors. Page 3

## Envoy returns

Mr Robert Zwirowa, Zimbabwe's former High Commissioner to Britain, relieved of his post after the purchase of a £385,000 Mayfair mansion, has slipped quietly back into Harare. Page 4

## Rare visitor

Birdwatchers queued for hours in Humberston to see a rare Hudsonian godwit from North America which had been sighted in Europe only once before. Page 3

## Tambay wins

Patrick Tambay, who had resigned himself to second place, was the surprise winner of the San Marino Grand Prix driving a Ferrari. Tambay is third in the world championship. Page 15

Computer Horizons tomorrow takes a measured view of the Government's response to Alvey, shows our lighthouses in a new light, and discovers how Mabel won a factory's heart.

Leader page 11

Letters: On pre-trial procedures, from Sir Cyril Phillips; Third World aid, from Professor W. Elkan, and others.

Leading articles: Royal tours: Turkey, Greece and the US; China and East Europe.

Features: page 8-10

How Allenborough erred, by Salman Rushdie; confessions of a woman on the terrace; taking Gorky Park to Stockholm; a profile of Lord Hareich.

Obituary, page 12

George Balanchine, Muddy Waters.

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# Workers and police clash at Polish May Day rallies

From Roger Boyes, Warsaw

Running street battles erupted in Warsaw and several other Polish cities yesterday as tens of thousands of Poles tried to stage pro-Solidarity rallies to mark May Day, the international workers' holiday.

Police used baton charges, water cannon and tear gas to break up the demonstrations, which were the first serious protest against General Wojciech Jaruzelski's Government for some six months.

In Gdansk some 15,000 demonstrators, having gathered at a memorial cross near the Lenin Shipyard, tried to walk through the port to the suburb of Zaspas to join Mr Lech Walesa, the former Solidarity chairman, who stayed in his apartment. Police stopped the demonstrators at a nearby railway station.

The most politically significant demonstration, however, was in Warsaw, where about 10,000 people gathered in the narrow cobbled street outside the cathedral. While the guns across the Vistula river rumbled a May Day salute, the demonstrators started to chant Solidarity slogans and wave banners. Leaflets marked "Solidarity will win" were passed from hand to hand.

The riot police allowed this to continue for about 40 minutes, then pushed most of the crowds

down the alleyways into the old market square, the showpiece of the capital. There, water cannon and guns loaded with uric acid ink were fired at the demonstrators - the ink was presumably to identify future candidates for arrest - and the Poles ran helter-skelter down the river, some of them ripping down the red flags festooning houses.

A helicopter flying low to whip up a dust blanket then drove the protesters - who would stop, turn to face the police and shout "bandits!" before running again - back into the old town district. To avoid arrest some demonstrators hid in a church near the Benedictine monastery. When it was surrounded by a crescent of militia vehicles and armoured cars, a solitary nun stood outside the entrance to her admission.

Scores of demonstrators were detained in Warsaw and Gdansk and also in Cracow and Szczecin - where the Solidarity sympathisers mixed with the official Communist May Day marchers and flashed V-for-victory signs. Witnesses saw a number of beatings, including a particularly violent example near the Vistula when one demonstrator tried to break away from the militia. An American film crew who tried to film the incident was taken away by the police.

The Polish authorities were aware that the demonstrations, especially in Warsaw, could prove politically embarrassing. It was almost certainly the first time that police in a socialist country have had to break up a May Day demonstration.

Last year similar protests took the authorities by surprise

and the militia were ordered not to intervene. This year, the authorities had to show that they were firmly in control because the premise of imposing martial law - and indeed lifting it - was that public order problems would become a thing of the past. The Pope's plan to visit Poland next month has added an additional element of discomfiture.

In his May Day speech General Jaruzelski told worker "activists" that is party members and sympathisers - that martial law could be lifted if in the coming days and months there are no disturbances and peace is consolidated. As he spoke, the police had already started to act against the demonstrators. The capital was put on high alert from Saturday when cars were stopped and searched on many main streets. By yesterday morning, the old town - scene of the main clashes - had been tightly sealed off.

One Polish observer pointed out yesterday that apart from being a workers' holiday, May Day is also an international distress signal. Although the police acted with more discipline than on previous occasions, the scenes in the morning showed that the authorities regarded the challenge from the underground as a type of distress message, a serious attempt to discredit the government.

The authorities are also determined to mop up as many potential protesters as possible before the Pope's visit - that much was clear from the squads of militia officers taking video films of demonstrators.

## Tight security for Moscow's 'invitations only' parade

Moscow (Reuters) - Hundreds of thousands of hand-picked Soviet citizens marched before the Kremlin yesterday in the traditional May Day parade which has become Moscow's biggest annual propaganda display for the world.

Mr Yuri Andropov, Communist Party leader, and other members of the Soviet leadership waved from Lenin's mausoleum as the marchers paraded by with coloured floats and released balloons.

But the carnival scene presented to the television cameras was a thin overlay to ironclad security precautions designed to prevent the slightest spark of spontaneity or deviation from the planned routine.

Only holders of officially-issued passes were allowed into Red Square and then after an average of seven checks by police. Lines of plainclothes KGB security men spread

across the square channelled the mass of marchers into thin columns.

On the mausoleum itself the most notable fact was the absence of Mr Konstantin Chernenko, a Politburo member and Mr Andropov's former rival for the party leadership, who has not been seen in public for more than a month.

Mr Andropov smiled throughout the parade and waved to the marchers, but close-ups taken by United States television networks showed him looking pale, and he was supported by a aide on the steps leading to the balcony of the Mausoleum.

Many of the floats in the parade had virtually anti-American slogans or cartoons depicting a cowboy in Stars and

Stripes outfit riding a nuclear missile as if it were a bucking horse, an obvious reference to President Reagan.

Ambassadors from most Western countries did not attend the parade in a continuing gesture of protest over Soviet intervention in Afghanistan. Swedish diplomats too stayed away as a result of the chill in relations since Stockholm protested last week over repeated ventures by Soviet submarines into Swedish waters.

On the fringes of Red Square, troops armed with Kalashnikov automatic rifles stood out of sight of television cameras. Convoys of Army lorries circled the city centre. Normally, central Moscow is crowded with pedestrians from early morning to late in the evening. Yesterday it was like a ghost town populated only by police and security men.



Lenin's heirs: Mr Andropov, the party leader (centre) flanked by Marshal Ustinov and Mr Tikhonov, the Prime Minister, waving from Lenin's tomb yesterday.

## Eight charged after rugby defeat fracas

Eight men are to appear in Gloucester court in Gloucester today after an incident in which a policeman was knocked unconscious, when police stopped a rugby team coach.

Players, officials and supporters of the Banwen Club, near Neath, decided to have a night on the town after losing 46-7 to the Gloucester side, Longlevens.

## Martin 'tried to kill himself'

By Stewart Tandler, Crime Reporter

David Martin, who is awaiting trial on 14 charges, including one of shooting a policeman, apparently attempted suicide, Brixton prison officials believe, Mr Martin regained consciousness last night after a drug overdose on Saturday, but was still under medical observation.

An investigation into the regime at the south London prison's maximum security wing was under way yesterday. Mr Martin, aged 35, was taken unconscious to King's College Hospital but was back yesterday in Brixton's own hospital wing.

Mr Martin was moved back from the hospital because as a category A prisoner he requires extra security. The prison authorities did not want to leave him in a public hospital.

Last January Mr Martin was the centre of a police hunt in London after escaping from court. During the search Mr Stephen Waldorf was mistaken for him in a police ambush in the street and shot. Mr Martin was later recaptured at a north London Underground station.

He was recently remanded to go on trial in September. On Saturday he was found unconscious in his cell at 11 am. He had risen as normal with other prisoners but returned to his cell and appeared to fall asleep.

Prison officers tried to wake him and called the medical staff. Mr Martin was taken by ambulance to the hospital, where his condition was at one stage serious.

The Home Office yesterday refused to say whether Mr Martin was under medication or whether drugs had been smuggled in to him.

The wing where he is housed is in effect a prison within a prison with special regulations and precautions. The inquiry, by Mr Anthony Pearson, Brixton's governor, will have to examine whether there are any gaps in the regime.

Security within the wing has been tightened after three prisoners, including Mr Gerard Tuitt, awaiting trial for Provisional IRA bombing offences, tunneled their way to freedom. The wing's security includes close circuit television



Home again: Prince William with his nanny, Mrs Barbara Barnes, at Gatwick, his Australian holiday over. His parents went to the Bahamas. Report, page 4.

## 'I will stay with peace work' says Kent

Mr Bruce Kent yesterday reacted to the Roman Catholic church's warning over his position with the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament by pledging to carry on peace work "for the rest of my life".

Last week, Cardinal Basil Hume, the Archbishop of Westminster, warned him he may have to step down as general secretary of CND.

Mr Kent said that it was right for him to be involved in such issues as nuclear disarmament. "I think the church is absolutely in the world, and we are talking about peace and justice and reconciliation and not killing each other."

"If the church is busy sitting in its sacristies, counting its rosary beads and ignoring the great problems of the world, then I do not think it is the right church for me," he told Independent Radio News.

The church was concerned with the "problems of our neighbour and one of the problems of our neighbour is being blown up by this ridiculous arms race".

Although Cardinal Hume recently renewed his consent for Mr Kent to continue as general secretary of CND, he admitted to "serious misgivings" and said that the task might be better undertaken by a lay person.

Asked about the chances of giving up CND, Mr Kent replied: "I am very committed to peace work and I am going to stay with peace work for the rest of my life."

But Mr George Leonard, Cardinal Hume's personal aide, said that the archbishop's permission to continue was not "absolute and unconditional". There were levels of CND activity which would make Mr Kent's role "highly inappropriate, highly ambiguous and highly compromising", he said on the independent television programme, *Credo*.

Cardinal Gordon Gray, the leader of the Roman Catholic Church in Scotland, said that he would favour a national referendum on defence.

Women and defence, back page

## Howe puts June 9 back in polling diary

By Anthony Bevin, Political Correspondent

Sir Geoffrey Howe, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, yesterday excited speculation that the Prime Minister might go for an election on June 9, so staying away from the Williamsburg summit on May 28-30.

But senior government sources last night stressed that no decision had yet been taken; that it was still entirely possible that Mrs Margaret Thatcher might next weekend announce there was no cause or justification for such a premature end of Parliament.

Meanwhile, the Chancellor played down the electoral significance of Williamsburg after widespread speculation that Mrs Thatcher was determined to attend, thereby delaying the election until June 23.

He said on *Weekend World*, the London Weekend Television programme: "I think it is very important that people should not look to Williamsburg in the expectation of great, heralded headlines and conclusions and specific commitments."

Sir Geoffrey also repeated his

cautious optimism about economic recovery "provided we are sure that it is not going to be dramatic or a fast or high-speed one; sustainable, modest and, above all, not risking a flash in the pan of a quick refutation to see it all disappearing again".

Next weekend, the Prime Minister will be meeting Mr William Whitelaw, her deputy, and Mr Cecil Parkinson, the Conservative Party chairman, at Chequers before giving a full-scale interview on the *World This Weekend* programme on BBC Radio 4.

High-level sources last night accepted that it would be difficult for Mrs Thatcher, in the wake of this Thursday's local elections, to delay any election announcement beyond the end of next week.

A proclamation on the dissolution of Parliament would be expected on Friday, May 13, for a June 9 poll.

The advice offered to the Prime Minister will emphasise the grave dangers of taking the election "tease" beyond that date.

## 12 missiles fired in sub hunt

Stavanger (AP) - The Norwegian Navy yesterday fired 12 more anti-submarine Tern missiles and dropped one more depth charge in an intensified five-day hunt for a possible foreign submarine off the coast.

The Navy was also checking and analyzing an oil slick discovered in the same area where the 12 missiles were fired. Ten other Tern missiles were fired by a frigate in the same area on Saturday.

Mr Erik Senstad, the Defence Ministry's information officer, confirmed the new findings and said the surface fleet taking part in the hunt has been reinforced with a special diving vessel.

He said six missiles and the depth charge were fired at 4.30 pm and the next battery of six missiles an hour later.

Both rounds came in the southern part of Skagerrak fjorden about a mile and half off the southern tip of the island of Halsnoy.

"The bomb and the 12 missiles blasts were ordered by a frigate captain after establishment of sonar and hydrophone echo sound contact with an underwater object believed to be a submarine," Mr Senstad said.

Earlier yesterday the navy had announced the discovery of an oil slick in Skagerrak fjorden, Mr Senstad said.

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## Housing courts urged by surveyors to speed tenants' claims

By Baron Phillips, Property Correspondent

A special court to handle only housing matters is being considered by the Government in an attempt to speed claims from tenants in council and privately-owned property. Mr John Stanley, the Minister for Housing, is looking at proposals submitted by the Royal Institution of Chartered Surveyors which call for the special courts.

Under the scheme, which is receiving some Conservative backbench support, the courts would be set up in parallel with existing county courts. At the moment housing disputes are referred to county courts or, in some cases, to magistrates and even the High Court.

Rent appeals go to rent assessment committees and homeless persons' disputes go to panels of referees. The system is complicated and expensive for the people in dispute and does not always produce the best solution, the institution says.

Among the disputes the

special courts would be empowered to resolve would be prosecutions covering harassment, appeals arising from the "right to buy" legislation, compulsory purchase proposals, rent tribunal appeals, applications for possession or arrears of rent and compulsory repair or improvement of homes.

It is proposed that housing courts should have full statutory powers and be able to enforce their decisions such as making landlords undertake repairs and necessary improvements.

The courts should consist of three part-time members drawn from a panel of experts in housing law and practice. The panel could consist of lawyers, qualified valuers, architects, chartered building surveyors and other housing professionals. At the same time there would be a full-time president and a group of full-time members who would handle administration and hear difficult cases.

Mr John Hiddle, Conservative MP for Tansworth and Lichfield, and chairman of the Tory backbench environment committee said yesterday that he thought such courts would do much to speed the process of dealing with housing cases. He believes the move could bring bureaucratic local authorities to heel. "The threat of being taken to a housing court would concentrate the mind wonderfully of a recalcitrant local authority," Mr Hiddle said.

The housing court could be used to hear complaints from council tenants who want to exercise their rights under the Housing Act 1980, giving them the opportunity to buy their council home.

Some local authorities are either ignoring applications under the right-to-buy scheme or simply slowing down the process so that it might take a persistent council tenant as long as two years to acquire his home.

## Blood banks may spread Aids illness

By Pearce Wright, Science Editor

A report of three cases of Aids (acquired immunodeficiency syndrome) in haemophiliacs suggests that the incurable infection could have spread from the United States to Europe via blood banks.

The fears have been raised by a letter in the latest issue of *The Lancet*. It describes the contraction of Aids by three haemophiliacs who were treated with blood which included concentrates from commercial sources of plasma containing Factor VIII, which is the product vital for the stimulation of clotting.

The haemophiliacs who are in hospital in Seattle, are the first reported cases of Aids in Spain.

A report in the *Mail on Sunday* that a haemophiliac in London and one in Cardiff, had also contracted the disease through blood transfusions could not be confirmed yesterday by the Department of Health.

Nor have those cases been reported to the Centre for Communicable Diseases, at Colindale, north London, which has established a special Aids monitoring unit.

An appeal to doctors to notify the centre when a case of Aids came under their care was made in the last issue of the *British Medical Journal* where preliminary findings of patients suffering from the infection in England and Wales were described.

There were no haemophiliacs suffering among those patients, but 11 cases of Aids among haemophiliacs who had all received Factor VIII concentrate have been reported to the United States Centre for Disease Control.

The link with transfusions of Factor VIII concentrates indicates that Aids may be transmitted by a blood-borne virus. Medical staff are being advised to use the same rigorous procedures to avoid infection from handling blood or other human materials of a suspect as they do when treating infectious hepatitis and similar violent conditions.

The first cases of Aids appeared in the United States almost simultaneously in 1981 among the homosexual populations of New York, San Francisco and Los Angeles.

## Duchess home

The Duchess of Kent left the King Edward VII's Hospital for Officers in London yesterday after an operation on April 20 to remove an ovarian cyst. She has returned to York House to convalesce.

## Falklands fund row on mother's claim

By Craig Seton

The South Atlantic Fund has paid a substantial amount to three single mothers whose illegitimate children were fathered by Royal Marines killed in the Falklands.

That was disclosed yesterday as the fund became embroiled in a dispute over a married woman who claimed that it had refused her cash support for her daughter aged seven months who was fathered, she claimed, by Marine Stephen McAndrews, aged 22, bachelor, who died in the Falklands war. Mrs Dawn Barker, aged 21, was rejected by the South Atlantic Fund because it said there was no proof that she was dependent on Marine McAndrews, or that he was the father of her daughter, Sarah, who was born after the Falkland war.

Mrs Barker is still married, but is seeking a divorce from her husband, who pays maintenance. She has another child, of her marriage, and after Marine McAndrews' death, is now living with Mr Jeff Little, another former Marine, who hopes to marry her.

According to Royal Marines sources in Plymouth, where Mrs Barker lives, and where Marine McAndrews was a member of 40 Commando, she has applied twice to the South Atlantic Fund, but each time has been rejected because of insufficient proof.

The sources yesterday were anxious to point out that the

Marines were ready to assist claims to the South Atlantic Fund, once it had been proven, in the case of illegitimate children, that their fathers had been Marines.

Three single women who had children after their relationships with Marines killed in the Falklands, had received substantial amounts for themselves and their children from the fund.

Mrs Barker's case is being pursued by Dr David Owen, the Social Democratic MP for Plymouth, Devonport, who called the fund's attitude "insensitive and bureaucratic".

Yesterday, however, Mrs Ann McNeil, of Wykehouse, Manchester, Marine McAndrews' mother, dissociated herself from Mrs Barker's claim. "The whole thing is utterly disgusting. My son's name is being dragged through the mud."

Mrs McNeil said that her son had talked of marriage to a Manchester girl and in his will, made four days before he sailed to the South Atlantic, he had made his mother sole beneficiary.

There had been no mention, Mrs McNeil claimed, of Mrs Barker, even though he knew she was pregnant and despite the Barker's claim that they had lived together for six months, that he accepted her as the father, and that they had planned to marry after her divorce.

## Job switch advice to medical students

Britain could have up to 20,000 young doctors on the dole by the year 2000, medical experts claimed yesterday. They gave a warning that large sums of money could be wasted if the Government did not cut the intake of medical students at universities.

Speaking in Glasgow, Mr Douglas Gentlemen, a registrar in neurosurgery and deputy chairman of the British Medical Association's hospital junior staff committee, suggested that students should go for professions such as computing or engineering instead of medicine.

He told a conference of European junior hospital doctors that between 2,000 and 3,000 doctors were likely to be out of work this year in Britain, and that is possibly an underestimate, as a lot of doctors are reluctant to sign on the dole, Mr Gentlemen said.

"If the present student intake continues I think a figure of

20,000 jobless doctors would be perfectly possible."

A similar situation was said to exist in most of the European countries represented at the conference. Each association is to approach its own Government to call for a reduction in medical training.

Dr Sheila Madsen, representing the west of Scotland, said the annual university intake figure of almost 4,000 students should be reduced by 25 per cent. She added that it costs around £70,000 to train a medical student. "You could possibly train two people for a profession in science for the same figure."

"The Government have stated quite firmly that they do not intend to spend more money on health care, and so cutting back on the number of doctors we produce is the only answer."

The number of doctors on the dole in Britain was 300 in 1979 and 1,500 last year.



Slow motion play in the Himalayas. (Photograph: Ian Wright).

## A good chukka, but not so pukka

By John Witherow

Elephant polo seems to have a limited future. Not even its most diehard supporters, who took to their more traditional mounts at the week-end with the advent of the English polo season, expect the giant beasts soon to be lumbering around Cowdray Park for a chukka or two.

There are one or two difficulties, as the world elephant polo championships near Kathmandu, Nepal, last month showed. Elephants can be

cantankerous and it requires a mahout, or driver, to wrap his legs round the animal's neck and whisper endearments into the ear to prevent it heading off for the nearest succulent vegetation.

The player, there are four elephants a side and a referee, sits behind the mahout, wielding a polo stick up to eight feet in length. Behind him another rider perches precariously to

prevent the other two falling off. The elephant on the left carries an officer from the British Gurkha Gladiators (Hannibal's Own) while that on the right is from Pan Am's Jumbo's, who were eventually defeated in the final by Tiger Tops Taskers.

The elephants, moving at two mph found the heat overwhelming. So the games were restricted to two 10-minute chukkas, instead of the normal four seven-minute ones in pony polo.

## Rare godwit returns to Britain

Birdwatchers in Humberside queued for up to three hours in the rain at the weekend to see a rare visitor from North America.

The bird which has brought enthusiasts from all over Britain is a Hudsonian godwit, which normally would be preparing for the nesting season on the Canadian tundra after spending the winter in South America.

The godwit has come to the same spot, Blackfitt Sands nature reserve, near Gooles, where one appeared in September, 1981, the first recorded in Europe.

It is not known whether this latest sighting involves the same bird which has found its way back to an old haunt or is another one blown across the Atlantic by strong winds.

Hudsonian godwits, which are large wading birds, are scarce in North America. Their numbers were heavily reduced by hunting before they became protected.

The bird at Blackfitt Sands is in full summer plumage, with rust-red underparts which are darker than the underparts of the two types of godwit - the black-bellied and the tailed - normally recorded in Britain. Its most distinguishing feature is its dark underwing.

A large wader: The Hudsonian godwit.

## £640,000 arts fund for theatre

By Christopher Warman, Arts Correspondent

The Arts Council has agreed to make a grant of £640,000, the largest sum allocated from its housing the arts fund, towards the building of the New Victoria Theatre in Stoke-on-Trent.

It represents a decision after years of negotiation on one of the last two main building projects for regional repertory theatres envisaged to take place with the council's help during the rest of this century.

The provision of a permanent purpose-built repertory theatre in Stoke-on-Trent has been discussed since the 1960s, and the council's regional director, Mr David Pratley, was delighted. "We look forward with confidence to a new theatre-in-the-round developing

further Stoke's tradition of exciting and innovative theatre in the West Midlands."

The grant is conditional on an agreement with the local authorities in which they would contribute £1.6m towards the estimated cost of £3.2m, and also on agreement on the division of the theatre's subsidy requirement.

Last year, the council made a grant of £600,000 towards the cost of improving and extending facilities at the Grand Theatre, Swansea, South Wales. Before that the largest grant for a new theatre building was £300,000 for the Theatre Royal, Plymouth, which opened last year. The remaining project yet to be agreed is for the Leeds Playhouse.

The New End Theatre in Hampstead, which was formerly a mortuary, is for sale. Although it is not the only London theatre in difficulties, the New End, which became a charming small theatre 10 years ago after its life as the Hampstead Mortuary, is on the market for about £200,000.

The theatre, which has recently had Judi Dench and Steven Berkoff among its players, is being sold "with sadness" by Mr Colin Serlin, its owner. "I hope the new owner will continue with theatrical entertainment, although it is likely that some form of restaurant will need to be incorporated to increase commercial viability."

## Verdi opera cancelled by Covent Garden

By Christopher Warman, Arts Correspondent

Financial difficulties have caused the Royal Opera House Covent Garden to cancel one of its new productions for the next season.

Verdi's *La Forza del Destino* was to have been produced by Rudolph Noelle of West Germany and was well into the planning stage.

Covent Garden, which confirmed the decision yesterday, is to announce its programme for next season, which runs from autumn this year to the summer of 1984, on May 17.

The cancellation is the latest sign that the three sources of Royal Opera House income - public subsidy, private sponsorship and box office receipts - are proving inadequate.

The present season has had only two new productions, including Puccini's *Manon Lescaut*, which opens with a gala performance attended by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother tomorrow and stars two of the greatest operatic draws, Placido Domingo and Kiri te Kanawa.

Covent Garden's decision to abandon its new production of *La Forza del Destino* was foreshadowed last November when Sir Claus Moser, the Royal Opera House chairman, announced that increases in expenditure at a time of economic recession meant the prospect of fewer productions or shorter seasons.

He said then that Covent Garden was examining the cancellation of new productions as an alternative to lowering its international standards.

For 1983-84 the Royal Opera House has received a grant from the Government of £10.25m, which covers not only the opera but also the Royal Ballet and the Sadler's Wells Ballet. It has also been given a grant of £200,000 towards the cost of a visit to Manchester in the summer.

In spite of this sum, which represents a 7.3 per cent increase on the total for 1982-83, the Opera House is left with very little more money.

Mr Paul Findlay, assistant director, has pointed out that because of increased commitments the amount of money it has received is only £20,000 more than for the previous year. He says that Covent Garden still faces a likely shortfall of £700,000 by March, 1984.

The Royal Opera House and the Royal Shakespeare Company are now the subject of financial scrutiny by the Government. The investigation was set up by Mr Paul Channon, Minister for the Arts, in February to examine their financial affairs in the light of increased public concern about the large public subsidy which goes to them each year.

ICE HOCKEY: Moscow and Leningrad will stage the 1986 world championship. There will be no separate World Championship next year because of the Winter Olympics the 1985 tournament is scheduled for Prague.

## Challenge over wildlife sites

By Hugh Clayton, Environment Correspondent

An ominous constitutional question lies behind the public argument between farmers and naturalists about protecting wildlife in the countryside. It could strike at the heart of the jealously guarded statutory right of the Nature Conservancy Council to decide whether a piece of land deserves to become an official site of special scientific interest.

That right came under attack last year when Conservative MPs protested to ministers about the council's decision to declare 2,500 acres of West Sedgemoor such a site. Ministers agreed with the council that the Wildlife and Countryside Act, 1981, gave it the sole right to decide whether a declaration was justified.

Such sites are the main way of protecting wildlife from the steady encroachment of industry, suburbs, blanket forestry and intensive farming. Once a site is declared, the council can negotiate an agreement for the owner to safeguard the scientific interest.

That might mean not draining land used by water birds or not ploughing land which

## Woodland sale a 'charade'

The Nature Conservancy Council is helping naturalists to buy woods in the nation's finest timber-producing industry managed by the Forestry Commission. The Society is an umbrella organization for county naturalists' trusts, some of whom are negotiating to buy about 60 sites throughout Britain, of which all but one have been declared by the council to have special scientific interest. The commission owns 10 of the sites, covering 700 acres, worth about £300,000.

The conservancy council has supports the food plants of delicate insects. Farmers dislike the system because it appears to give the council powers over their land against which there is almost no hope of appeal.

The Act allows the council to determine what "special scientific interest" is and when a particular piece of land has it. The Act does not require the

council to consult ministers before designating a piece of land. But it does enable the council to offer money to the owner in return for not doing something that would damage the scientific interest. It also gives the council a reserve power of compulsory purchase when the owner of land does not want to protect the scientific interests or

agreed to pay almost £20,000 towards a total of £70,000 to buy three woods important to wildlife. They are in South Wales, northern and eastern England and are all official sites of special scientific interest.

"It is illogical to put such sites on the market," Dr Perring said. "They are part of the national heritage."

He wants commission woodlands of importance to wildlife to be handed over to the council or to trusts and not sold as part of the general "privatization" of state woodlands.

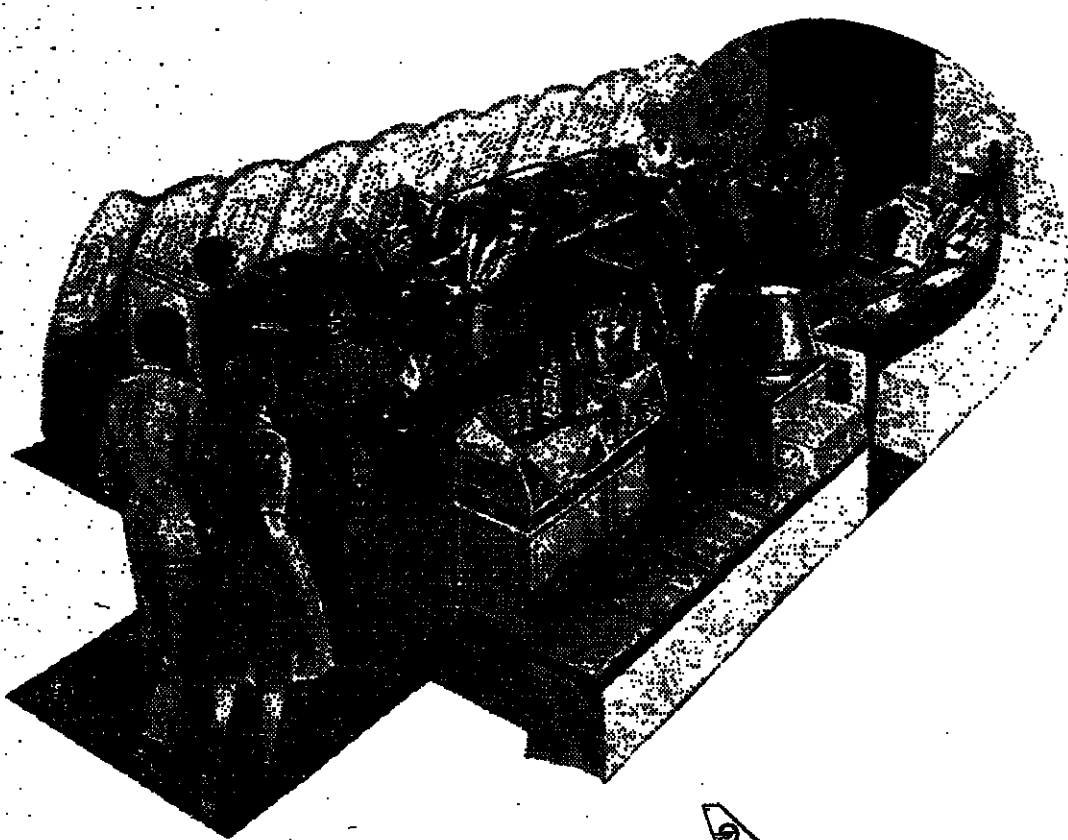
denies that there is any to protect.

That collection of powers worries the investigators who have just finished a "Rayner review" of the council on the pattern of the searches for waste in the Civil Service begun by Sir Derek Rayner. The investigators reasoned that declaration of an official site can trigger off a piece of public spending. Yet the council's sole right to designate has placed that type of public spending outside the direct control of the Government.

They therefore advised the council in their unpublished report to agree with the Department of the Environment a joint endorsement of the criteria for deciding what amounts to "special scientific interest".

There could soon be an angry debate behind the scenes. The Rayner team's recommendation raises a constitutional nightmare for the council which does not want to surrender one of its central powers. Naturalists will want to ensure that nothing emerges from the Rayner review to reduce the dwindling chances of survival of several wild species.

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## Army alert called off in Bangkok as Prem resumes the leadership

General Prem Tinsulanonda, reappointed Prime Minister of Thailand by Royal proclamation on Saturday night, four days after he had announced his retirement, spent the weekend selecting parties and ministers for his new coalition Government.

His composition has not yet been settled but the middle-of-the-road Social Action Party is almost certain to be the dominant partner. The party's closest ally, the Democratic Party, is also expected to join the Government together with the right-wing Thai Citizens Party which has close links with the Army.

Chart Thai (Thai Nation), another right-wing party associated with big industry, may also be included. After General Prem's retirement announcement, Chart's claim that, as the largest party it should form the

From Neil Kelly, Bangkok government and provide the Prime Minister, triggered a crisis which was kept quiet but caused army unit Bangkok to be put on full alert for a few hours.

General Arthit Kamlang-Ek, the Army Commander-in-Chief, said the alert was only a routine test of preparedness, but the incident helped to convince General Prem that he was needed to prevent political chaos, as some party leaders and the Army had been telling him.

General Prem is preferred by the military not only because he is a former Army Commander-in-Chief but also because as an appointed Prime Minister he has no power base in Parliament which could clash with the Army's interests.

The Prime Minister's only comment since his reappointment was an undertaking to

include in his new Government only parties which would serve the interest of the public. It is well known that he wishes to continue foreign, economic and social policies he has been pursuing since he first became Prime Minister in March, 1980.

General Prem and his Government are expected to be confronted at the beginning of their term of office with army demands to change the constitution in order to maintain the military's political power. There are no indications how General Prem will handle this controversial issue. The general election appeared to indicate that a majority of Thais oppose what the Army is trying to do. An army-sponsored constitutional amendment Bill, seeking to retain the legislative power of the military-dominated Senate, was rejected by Parliament.

## Secret summit in Cambodia

The anti-Vietnamese "Government of Democratic Kampuchea" met in western Cambodia yesterday, only the third meeting of the tripartite coalition since it was formed last July.

Leaders of the three groups — the two non-communists, Prince Sihanouk, the President, Mr. Son Sann, the Prime Minister, and Mr. Khieu Samphan, Vice-President, and leader of the communist Khmer Rouge — met at a secret site not controlled by any of the three groups.

Mr. Son Sann described it as "neutral territory". He had refused to attend a ceremony on Saturday with Prince Sihanouk and Khmer Rouge leaders because it took place at Phum

From Our Correspondent, Bangkok. Thmey, one of the main strongholds of the Khmer Rouge.

Prince Sihanouk's first visit to Cambodia since the Vietnamese wiped out three resistance bases near the Thai border, provided his government with a notable diplomatic victory.

Five foreign ambassadors — from China, Malaysia, North Korea, Bangladesh and Mauritania — on Saturday presented credentials to the Prince.

More than 2,000 Cambodians, including many women and children, greeted the Prince and the ambassadors.

The Prince received the ambassadors in a jungle hut with the elaborate courtesies observed by monarchs and

presidents. Afterwards they sipped champagne.

Prince Sihanouk said the significance of the occasion was its occurrence on Cambodian soil. "It's an act of defiance to 180,000 Vietnamese in our country", he said.

● ARANYAPRATHET: Cambodian resistance groups, battered by a fierce Vietnamese offensive, plan to regain the initiative in the jungle war during the rainy season starting this month, Reuter reports from this Thailand border town.

Prince Sihanouk, says the rains would turn the Cambodian jungles into a quagmire, bogging down the tanks and heavy armour of the Vietnamese.

## Guerrillas bring offensive to suburbs of San Salvador

San Salvador (Reuters) — Left-wing guerrillas attacked police outposts here last night, the first fighting in the capital in weeks.

There were no immediate reports of casualties in the attacks. The guerrillas earlier urged workers to celebrate May Day by helping in the struggle to hasten the defeat of El Salvador's American-backed Government.

Automatic gunfire could be heard from the suburbs of Mejicanos, two miles from the city centre, and Zacamil. "We are under attack", a policeman at the Mejicanos outpost told reporters by telephone.

The fighting appeared to be a part of a big offensive launched on Friday in the country's eastern provinces.

The rebels' Radio Venceremos said the offensive would not have been possible without the assistance of workers and peasants and it called on them to exchange their work tools for guns. The offensive was launched as a direct response to the Reagan Administration's plans to increase military aid to El Salvador.

The radio did not report new actions in the eastern provinces. It merely summarized reports of

earlier battles, and military sources said the guerrillas were possibly regrouping for new strikes elsewhere.

Reporters who drove along the Pan American and coastal highways to the eastern provinces said the two main east-west roads were open. They did not sight any guerrillas but saw several buses smoldering by the roadside.

The key city of Santa Rosa de Lima in La Union province, held by the rebels for 12 hours at the height of their offensive, was reported quiet. Troops could be seen everywhere. Residents said the guerrillas destroyed the Santa Rosa garrison when they entered the city. A bank and some jewelry shops were looted.

The frontier post of El Amatiello was also back in government hands after guerrillas overran it and destroyed the bridge linking El Salvador with Honduras. Aid workers said that eight Salvadorean soldiers and eight drivers were killed during the fighting for El Amatiello. At least twenty lorries destroyed in the attacks littered the road.

The guerrillas claimed that Honduran troops, backed by

tanks and mortar and artillery fire, crossed the bridge to help Salvadorean soldiers at El Amatiello. He said the Hondureans were beaten back with six men killed.

● WASHINGTON: Mr. William Clark, President Reagan's National Security Adviser, has defended US undercover operations in Nicaragua and denied the Administration was seeking to overthrow the country's left-wing government, Reuter reports.

"The objective is not to overthrow any government. But a key objective is to make known what is truly occurring there", Mr. Clark said in an interview with the news magazine *US News and World Report*.

He defended US covert actions in Nicaragua, adding that such operations were "vital and effective" policy tools that had been available for every president to use with great discretion and under great legal constraint.

● MANAGUA: Right-wing guerrillas yesterday killed 11 people, including a West German doctor, in an ambush in northern Nicaragua, diplomatic sources said.

## Iran-Iraq prisoner exchange completed

Ankara (Reuters) — Iran and Iraq completed an exchange of prisoners of war in Turkey yesterday when 32 Iranians flew home after negotiations which went on well into the night, Turkish state radio reported.

On Saturday 32 Iraqi prisoners brought to Ankara for the hand-over left by air for Baghdad after only brief negotiations. There was no immediate explanation for the protracted talks over the Iranians, which involved officials from the International Red Cross and Turkey as well as Iran and Iraq. A Turkish Foreign Ministry statement issued yesterday thanked all parties concerned with the hand-over. The ministry said on Saturday that Turkey was keen to remain impartial towards both countries, which have been at war since September 1980.

Mr. Said Sekhavand, the Charge d'Affaires at the Iranian Embassy here, told reporters on Saturday that the 32 Iraqi prisoners comprised three army captains and 29 enlisted men. All were invalids.

The Iraqi mission here has not released any details about the 32 Iranians sent home yesterday as part of the first prisoner-of-war exchange between Iran and Iraq on Turkish territory. Reporters were kept well away from the aircraft used for the exchange.

● TEHRAN: Mr. Nouraddin Kianouri, the secretary-general of Iran's Tudeh (Communist) Party, who was arrested with much of the party's leadership in February, has confessed on television to spying for the Soviet Union.

The Tudeh Party played an active role in the revolution which overthrew the Shah in 1979 and always declared support for the Islamic Government.

But according to a translation of the confession in the English-language *Tehran Times*, Mr. Kianouri said he had been in contact with Soviet agents since 1945.

"Our violations mainly consisted of the delivery of top-secret military and political documents to our bosses at the Russian embassy," the newspaper quoted him as saying.

The television also broadcast a half-hour confession by the editor of a Tudeh Party magazine, Mr. Mahmud Esmadzadeh. Iran's national news agency IRNA quoted him as saying Marxism was at a dead end in Iran because of the people's support for Islam.

## The ruler who paid no tax

From Michael Hamlyn, Delhi

A good deal of ingenuity and effort is devoted by Indians to the minimizing of their tax burden, but few can have been so successful as the late ruler of Ramgarh, Khamkhy Narayan Singh.

For 23 years the prince managed to evade the tax man, and when he died he owed 18m rupees more than £2.2m at current rates.

He began not paying his taxes immediately upon independence in 1947 and carried on until his death in 1970. He avoided seizure of his properties by the simple device of giving them away. He successfully disposed of five residences, and a fortune in stocks, shares and bank deposits.

More than 19 years later, in 1980, the Government decided that enough was enough and wrote off his debt.

Now the Indian Parliament's watchdog, the Public Accounts Committee, in its annual report published at the weekend, has castigated the Government for doing so.

## San Clemente site for Nixon library

After 10 years of searching and some controversy, former President Nixon has decided to establish a library in his name in San Clemente, California, once the location of Mr. Nixon's western White House, Ivor Davis writes from Los Angeles.

The search for a home for the Nixon documents and private papers has been marked by controversy largely because the University of California at Irvine, believed by most to be the leading

contender for the library, had attached conditions to its proposal that the Richard Nixon Archives Foundation finally rejected.

Plans call for construction of an 80,000 sq ft building that would also include a public exhibit area "dealing with the major issues and events of the post-World War Two period in which Richard Nixon played a role", according to Mr. Scott Diehl, the mayor of San Clemente, who along with former Congressman James

Roosevelt, son of Franklin Roosevelt, announced that Mr. Nixon had chosen San Clemente over half a dozen other sites.

The library will go up on a magnificent 13-acre site overlooking the Pacific Ocean. The Nixon Archives Foundation must now raise money for construction of the library which will be run by the National Archives, the organization responsible for all presidential libraries in the United States.

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## THE ARTS

Ever since he first directed, in *Performance* (1968), Nicolas Roeg has been a figure of fascination and controversy, and *Eureka* - which opens in London on Thursday - seems unlikely to break the mould. Clare Colvin interviews the director, and Dennis Hackett reviews the appearance of *Eureka*'s star, Gene Hackman, on *The South Bank Show*.

## The madness and the ecstasy

In the summer of 1943 Sir Harry Oakes, one of the world's richest men, was found bludgeoned to death in his bed. The murder shocked not only the lotus-eating residents of the Bahamas, but the rest of the world when it became known that his close friend, the Duke of Windsor, then Governor of the Bahamas, was threatened with a similarly nasty death if he did not give way to the plans of a Mafia syndicate to build a casino on Nassau.

It was not Sir Harry's death that intrigued the film director Nicolas Roeg so much as the extraordinary way he had made his fortune, and its effect on his life thereafter. As a young man, Oakes was one of the many struggling prospectors who descended on the Yukon at the turn of the century in search of gold. A 14-year trek to goldfields from Alaska to Australia finally resulted in the realization of his dream when he discovered in northern Ontario the second largest gold mine in the Western Hemisphere. The down-and-out prospector, bereft of friends and money, and almost insane from the appalling conditions he had been living under, was suddenly a billionaire.

Roeg is adamant that *Eureka*, his new film opening in London on Thursday, is not a dramatized documentary of Sir Harry Oakes's life. His thoughts had been concerned with the theme of obsession with money when he read Marshall Houts's book on the Oakes murder case, *King's X*, and it provided the shell for what he wanted to say. The main character in the film, Jack McCann, played by Gene Hackman, has a similar background. Jane Lapotina plays his wife and Theresa Russell his daughter. The daughter's playboy husband, who was wrongly accused of the murder, is played by the Dutch actor Rutger Hauer.

"As with *Bad Timing*, something

touched a chord. I found that the incident and the position of the character reflected some kind of truth in my head," says Roeg. "I would hope that anyone who sees the film would feel something of Jack McCann's predicament. It is about a man who experiences the ecstasy of finding what he is searching for. But ecstasy is a dangerous emotion to reach. Where do you go after that? What can you reach for after ecstasy? A more ecstatic ecstasy? In a way his story is over, but his life is not. He has to live on to wonder what his life means."

*Eureka* is likely, as with Roeg's past work, to cause some dissension among critics. His producer, Jeremy Thomas, who worked with Roeg on his previous film, *Bad Timing*, says: "Nic has the ability to make an audience feel it has been physically punched in the stomach the way he suddenly catches them off guard." The disturbing images do indeed have that effect, though one of the strongest, the setting fire to the dead man, is based on fact. The distributors have obviously felt rather weak-stomached in their decision to open it quietly at the Screen on the Hill and the Odeon Kensington rather than going for a general release. Presumably, if it becomes a cult film, they will consider the West End.

"I don't believe my films are inaccessible," says Roeg. "If they were I would be inaccessible myself. What I am trying to do, as anyone who works in any form of art or communication is trying to do, is to express an emotion. The film audience is so, curiously, demanding in conservatism. You don't find that in any other form of expression, such as dance or theatre. People never say of dance, 'I don't understand what is happening'. Yet film is the newest and should be the freest art of all."



Nicolas Roeg (left), photographed by Suresh Karadia; and Gene Hackman, finding that everything can sometimes be nothing, in *Eureka*

## An actor's internal agony

There are Oscars on the mantelpiece but there is angst in the soul. Last night on LWT's *The South Bank Show* Gene Hackman was heaping it freely on the interviewer Alan Gibson in Jamaica during the making of his latest film, *Eureka*, directed by Nicolas Roeg.

Mr Hackman describes his acting techniques as "internalizing", and thinks of Marlon Brando not quite as his idol but as his guide. Internalizing for *Eureka* could not have been harder. He plays a gold prospector who strikes it rich and finds having everything a kind of devouring nothing.

In person a gentle, bewildering man, he is several precincts away from Popeye Doyle, the tough cop he played in *The*

*French Connection*, his first starring role. It won him an Oscar.

Success and, presumably, money in the bank have not made life sweeter. He has not found acting enough. "Is this what a grown man does at 50, odd, at 52?"

On the whole he was not crazy about anything he had done. He had had some fun in *Bonnie and Clyde*, for which he was nominated for best supporting actor, because of the ensemble feel among the cast. He wished he had the energy now - "There is very little in films that is interesting after you have been doing it for 20 years."

Whoever you were showed through in time and that

seemed to worry him. He admitted to a lot of bad films and said he had stopped working after *Superman*, which he did not count among the bad, because he was accepting roles just on monetary value.

He thought he had exorcized the need to be a performer. You could grow out of it, he said, but later confessed there was still "that small boy in me".

He sat in the sun, externalizing about his internalizing, looking unhappy, dismayed at the roles that had failed to liberate the real Gene Hackman. "I suppose at 70 years old you come to the realization that it doesn't matter so much, that it's just as good as any profession," he said, and made it sound like a question.

## Pritchard takes the honours

Parsifal  
Opernhaus, Cologne

Jean-Pierre Ponnelle's biggest successes in West Germany over the past five years have mostly been with Wagner: the *Ring* in Stuttgart, *Tristan and Isolde* at Bayreuth, *Das Liebesverbot* in Munich and now *Parsifal* at Cologne. If there is a common thread in these productions it is Ponnelle's attraction, as a theatrical craftsman, to the world of dramatic leitmotif and symbol, rather than to the more troubled waters of the mythological, mystical or moral in Wagner's art.

Anyone expecting the new *Parsifal* to be an intense spiritual experience is likely to be disappointed. What Ponnelle achieves is a vindication of *Parsifal* as a cogent musico-dramatic entity, capable of expressing something profound about the complexity and contradictions of man. His constant reference-point is a glowing temple interior, less ornate than Wagner's original conception but just as finely sculptured, and like every Ponnelle set, perfectly symmetrical. By using it as a solid framework for each scene, Ponnelle likens it to a temple of human nature, emphasizing that the characteristics displayed by the inhabitants of castle and magic garden in Act II are the direct complement to those of Mount Salvo in Act I: the idealism and bland self-righteousness in man contrasted with the destructive tendencies of his sensuous, physical and vindictive self.



Peter Lindroos as Parsifal: strange casting

Ponnelle's depiction of Amfortas as a demented, stumbling, unkempt ogre - like a drunken intruder - is not only intensely dramatic but reinforces the arrogance of Titurel's asceticism, which has robbed the knights of sexuality, individuality, colour and even compassion. The same stage picture in Act II, refreshing though it appears with flowers, bright costumes and beautiful chorus movement, illustrates how obsession with the Grail has led Klingsor to an equally perverted path, with magic brews and astrological symbols.

The result not only imposes a much stronger unity on the work than is normal in performance, it also makes much clearer that Wagner was as critical of the world of the Grail as he was of its opposite, the world of Klingsor. So, in spite of Ponnelle's lip-service to some of the work's traditional vestiges

of religion, this *Parsifal* is more a vivid parable of human behaviour and aspiration than an exploration of spiritual truths.

Musically, the production is less consistent. How Peter Lindroos came to be cast as Parsifal is baffling, for he lacks the vocal force to convey the character's purity or give the cries of anguish the adequate strength. Gottfried Hornik was an equally curious choice to deliver Klingsor's ranting declamations.

Karl Ridderbusch's prickly, patriarchal Gurnemanz is a sad portrait of vocal decline, and Thomas Stewart as Amfortas is another candidate for retirement. On a more positive note, the promising German bass Matthias Hölle does not go unnoticed as Titurel, and Waltraud Meier's exciting young Kundry bears one of the most striking voices I have heard in the past year.

The real musical honours, though, are reserved for Sir John Pritchard, who has followed his Cologne *Meistersinger* with a *Parsifal* of immense breadth, confidence, conviction and serenity, as warmly applauded by the orchestra as by the audience. His reading showed a searching grasp of thematic material, a natural shaping of dramatic contrast and a control of momentum that gave the Act II finale and Good Friday music an overwhelming charge. This alone released the performance from its earthbound quality.

Andrew Clark

Student opera  
Bloomsbury/RAM

Some of the best entertainment last week was to be found at the Bloomsbury Theatre, where the National Opera Studio presented the fruits of its year's "finishing course": seven deftly stage-managed scenes from seven different operas, produced by Christopher Renshaw and designed by the Wimbledon School of Art.

To plunge into the final scene of *La traviata*, or into Mozart's "Porgi amor", and to do so in front of a largely professional

and prospecting audience, is an experience intimidating enough to test the most iron nerve. At times the strain did show, but Shirley Pilgrim as Violetta and Alina Sheehan as *Figaro*'s Countess judged well the pacing and expressive scale of their tableaux. Among the men, the versatility and muscle of Donald Stephenson's tenor and the cultivated resonance of Jeremy Munro's bass were tried and tested in their respective roles as Samson/Florestan and Germont/Almaviva.

The ability to make an audience believe totally in a role within just a few minutes, something which springs from a high intelligence liberated by an unconscious fusion of vocal and dramatic craft, remains rare even among the best. That the Act II duet from Bizet's *Owens Wingrave* was one of the most powerful scenes of the evening was due to two young singers who already possess this ability in generous measure. Linda Strachan as Kate had earlier presented a Carmen whose ripe sensuality grew affluently through phrase and gesture, and Geoffrey Dolton, whose recitative as *Figaro* had revealed as much as any aria, was a Wingrave of a perceptive breadth and intensity that made one see a Billy Budd lurking not too far behind.

The imagination and resourcefulness of the student stage

designs, particularly those by Julie Reed for *Carmen*, and Michael Spencer for *Fidelio*, were equally encouraging, and the players of the National Centre for Orchestral Studies under Stuart Bedford provided vivid and confident support.

Meanwhile, the Royal Scottish Academy of Music and Drama had brought more Britten to London. Their *Rape of Lucretia*, thoughtfully and simply directed by John Lawson Graham and conducted by Leonard Hancock, visited the Royal Academy at a time when this chamber opera is coming into its own.

To make this masterpiece of verbal and formal contrivance dramatically as well as musically plausible is quite a challenge. Gerry Kilgiving's designs economically and effectively contained the "action" with male and female Chorus (Henry Lankaster and Lynn Anderson in well-groomed voices) like work-woman missionaries either side. The parts of Tarquinus, Lucretia and Lucia, all of them highly tested and nakedly exposed, were more than competently handled by Peter Thomson, Eleanor Bennett and Elizabeth Dobie, while the freshness and impetus of the chamber orchestra, compensated for a certain lack of finesse in colour and timbre.

Hilary Finch

## Trouble in texture and form

Beaux Arts Trio  
Wigmore Hall

I happened to catch sight, during the interval in Saturday's recital by the Beaux Arts Trio, of three goblets of iced tap-water being borne on a plastic tray backstage. An insignificant apparition, perhaps, but it seemed to say something about the spartan, unlovely performance of Schumann's F major Trio we had just heard.

The piano trio is famously an awkward medium even at the best of times, and here the musicians needed special luck in a programme of interesting failures: this was the first of three consecutive days featuring the piano trios of Schumann and Brahms, pre-announced on each occasion by Haydn. However, Schumann found them, minimizing the glory of his *trouville* and maximizing the trouble he has

with texture and form. Isidore Cohen's violin, in particular, was disinclined to sing. His tone was grainy and his phrasing plain; there was even some momentary uncertainty of intonation. And so ideas that should have flowered like poppies on a building site were coloured too much with the surrounding mud.

It was all so surprising, especially after an alacrity, quick-witted finale to Haydn's A major Trio of 1794, to find the Beaux Arts slipping away from perfect togetherness as they did when violin and cello had to play in one in the first movement. Then the care they lavished on several passages of question-answer counterpoint threw attention on what is the most tiresome aspect of Schumann's chamber music. I liked the way the Intermezzo began with a simultaneous smile and a hobble, but elsewhere the performance moved in such a

way as to make unsupported claims to formal elegance. Right at the end, for instance, where Schumann acknowledges his helplessness in a sudden wander into harmonic confusion, the Beaux Arts passed through at a gallop started many bars before.

The performance of Brahms's B major Trio was not much happier. The near little stabs of the Beaux Arts style paid off in the delicate scherzo, but otherwise, particularly in the first movement, they gave an impression of fiddliness quite alien to Brahms. When something more powerful was needed it had to be forced, and sometimes too much was forced too soon: by the end of the scherzo's trio Menahem Pressler was almost standing in order to crash down on his piano with sufficient weight to complete the unwise course on which he and his colleagues had embarked.

Paul Griffiths

Theatre  
Ugly melodramaThe Body  
The Pit

Like the prospect of hanging, the impending installation of Cruise missiles is serving to concentrate the British mind; and not least in the theatre where a new form of dark comedy is taking shape. Its origin is Giles Cooper's masterpiece *Murphy Beach*, and it begins with an image of ordinary rural life which becomes steadily overshadowed by the presence of menacing silos hidden away up side roads, and the scream of Vulcan bombers tearing through the peaceful skies.

Following Peter Whelan's *Clay*, Nick Darke's *The Body* is the second such piece to appear at the Pit, and I wish I could say that something more than its heart was in the right place.

In outline, it tells the parallel stories of a Cornish village and a neighbouring US airbase. Guarding watch is not much of a life, and when one of the marines drops dead from boredom, his comrades (taking several leaves from Brecht's *Man of Aran*) entrap a mushroom-growing village, Ken, and brainwash him into assuming the dead man's identity. The marine commander meanwhile is seeking promotion by spreading a red scare, for which he enthusiastically rounds up the whole village for execution; only to be frustrated by Ken, when confronted by the corpse of his wife, whom the Americans have already killed. As the lights fade, it seems they are also expecting a nuclear strike.

If that seems an unlikely tale, wait until you see what Mr Darke does with it. For a start, he excludes the Americans from the first act, which seems simply to be concerned with the discovery of the marine's

unidentified body. The wily old Mrs May finds it while she is gathering cockles, but her claims to it are ferociously disputed by Ken's swaggering competitive father, who goes to the length of smothering himself in mud, removing the body and taking its place on her living-room sofa after strangling the cat. There he sits watching television, flanked by Mrs May and her husband, who is wearing his gas mask as usual.

Meanwhile there are close harmony links from a trio of parish farmers, a rector (Derek Godfrey) dressed as a mandarin ("For all the attention I get I might be a Chinaman") and Gilbert, the local bobby who is a devil for the girls when off duty and arrests everyone in sight as soon as he gets into uniform.

The first half hour of Nick Hamm's production goes with a swing and arouses some sense of rural authenticity - thanks to passages like the opening sight of Jenny Agutter skilfully dismembering a rabbit with a cleaver. But any initial interest in seeing what Mr Darke has in store for this extended, squabbling Cornish fable is dispelled by the glum feeling that they are all barny.

The second act moves on to the airbase with an informative introduction from the corpse. Some mild comedy ensues, as where the lieutenant holds a formal briefing session on the latest state of military intelligence on the Saturday night; but various sinister questions left deliberately open in the village scenes are cleared up. Otherwise the comedy evaporates into Ugly American melodrama. David Shaw-Parker has his moments as the pliable go-between Gilbert, and Christopher Benjamin's corpse-snatcher supplies at least one invincible comic presence.

Irving Wardle

## Lontano

## Purcell Room

The programmes for Friday night's concert by the Lontano Ensemble were mislaid, and I with one ear only heard from the previous concert in this series, may have been the only member of the audience with much idea of what was going on. How many even realized, for instance, that Nigel Robson was singing the words of Michael Finnissy's *Goro* in Japanese? Or that this is based on a nagauta called *Goro Tokimune* written in 1841 by Kinuya Rokuzemon (a nagauta being a type of shamisen music)?

If the listener is to stand any real chance with unfamiliar works of this sort, he must absorb much basic information. Some of Finnissy's seven movements had, at least in their instrumental parts, a winsome, fluttering quality, but at other times this pale, wan piece sported a rather self-conscious refinement.

Such European Japanese works form, however, an interesting corollary to the

Japanese European music of people like Takemitsu. Quite different were Ligeti's Bagatelles for Wind Quintet; these early squibs are concentrated and witty, and were performed that way. Bartok and Stravinsky cast definite shadows here, yet there is a constant flow of invention exactly suited to the movements' small scale, and the textures are sharp and unambiguous. Earlier, there had been a highly questionable performance of Bartok's *Contrasts*, the balance so poor that sometimes the violin was inaudible.

But one can be more positive about Melissa Phelps's account of Corey Field's Sonata for unaccompanied cello. Finely sweeping phrases, resonantly brooding multiple stops and quietly intimate asides suggested this to be a respectable piece. Balassa's *Xenia*, which had its London premiere, was more concise yet also of some formal interest, the outer movements, for example, being variations on each other. Tense, self-involved, though never hermetic, this piece convinced one that its every note counted.

Max Harrison

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## SPECTRUM

How did film director Michael Apter move Gorky Park to Scandinavia? He changed the street signs, hired the cars and imported English 'snow'

# Moscow? Niet, but it's close

By Christopher Mosey

It should have been filmed in Moscow, of course. After all, rumour had it that Yuri Andropov has a copy of the 335-page best-selling paperback in his bookcase, fuelling speculation as to the unlikely prospect of a former head of the KGB being a "closet liberal". But so, they began the making of *Gorky Park* in Helsinki and have now moved on to Stockholm.

Kaisaniemi Park, an anonymous patch of grass and birch trees in central Helsinki, is in the title role; and Sturebadet, a Stockholm health centre founded in 1885, now owned by the pop group Abba, has been converted into the Turkish bath just off Red Square where top party members relax and where honest Moscow cop Arkady Renko first meets his principal opponent, the suave and sinister American Osborne.

Location shooting of what may be the definitive study of totalitarianism in 1984, the year when Orwellian prophecy is measured against the real thing, is now coming to an end, with a hyper-intense William Hurt "living" his role as Renko and a monosyllabic Lee Marvin playing Osborne, a villain as always - but this time, to use the words of the author, Martin Cruz Smith, "a man magically dripping money from his every pore".

Michael Apter, the film's director, born in Ilford, educated at Cambridge, trained at Granada TV in Manchester and since 1979 resident in Los Angeles, shuffled in sneakers, jeans and anorak to the unit's mobile canteen, collected a plate of something that looked anonymous and totalitarian, and said: "Of course, we'd like to have done it in Moscow. We asked, you know. It was worth a try."

Despite the reported presence of the book in Andropov's bookcase, or perhaps because of it, the answer was a predictable *niet* and Apter was forced to tread the same path as author Cruz Smith: a couple of weeks in Moscow for research and a heavy reliance on Russian émigré advisers. He then substituted the social democratic greyness of Scandinavia for the darker hues of the Soviet Union.

For a film-maker in permanent quest of authenticity, it went against the grain. When Apter filmed *The Coalminer's Daughter*, the story of an American country music singer, he lived in Kentucky for six months before shooting started, "sorting out what was true and what was false and generally getting the whole feel of the place". He later coaxed an Oscar-winning performance from Sissy Spacek.

For *Gorky Park*, Anatoly Davidov, the man the Americans on the set call "the tame Russian", has told him how citizens in the Soviet Union smoke cigarettes, how they drink their vodka and even how they sit to eat meals. At his most obsessive, Apter insisted on Michael Elphick, of *Private Schulz* fame, having silver fillings in his teeth for his part as a KGB informer ("Played havoc with my eating habits," Elphick muttered darkly).

Apter started to immerse himself in *Gorky Park* last July after discussions with producers Howard W. Koch and Gene Kirkwood, who bought "the property" from galley proofs before its publication. Just three weeks later it was at No 1 in the US best-seller lists.

After his visit to Moscow, Apter chose Dennis Potter to write the screenplay. "He refused to do it unless he could change the ending," said Apter. "I agree with him." Instead of being set in New York, as in the book, the last part of the story is set in Stockholm. "There are going to be people who don't like what we've done but I'm sure we're right," said Apter, pushing away his plate as we sat at wooden tables in a school that had been commandeered as a canteen. "The film has to live on its own, in its own right. We have to take certain liberties. But I think we are being loyal to the spirit of the novel."

He fetched coffee in plastic cups. "Imagine the technical difficulties that would have arisen if we'd stuck to the book. All the way through - in the scenes in the Soviet Union - we have

Russians speaking English. How could we have taken Renko and his girlfriend to New York and differentiated between them and the Americans? Had them suddenly speaking Russian with sub-titles? No way. We had to adapt it somehow."

His producers were less certain about Potter's changes but Apter won them round: "I was with Dennis all the way," he said. Perhaps significantly, however, Cruz Smith, *Gorky Park*'s author, has had nothing to do with the filming. Potter, on the other hand, has paid frequent visits to the various location sets, where he is held in awe, almost fear, by the mainly British supporting cast, who refer to him as "the scribbler".

Apter said simply: "Dennis knows what he's doing. I have tremendous respect for his work." Regarding his own obsession with authenticity, he said: "There are no excuses for not getting it right. This film is an opportunity for me to create a whole world. It is a challenge. It will be a commercial movie. It will sell in America first, and for Americans

Moscow is an unknown quantity, something they have never seen and find difficult to imagine. It should look like *Star Wars* to them, something outside their range of experience.

"All the street signs, public notices and written messages are in Russian but the dialogue is in English. No awful broken accents either. I hate that."

A big problem has been the exceptionally mild winter in Scandinavia. When the unit arrived in Helsinki in February the snow was several feet deep in places. It rapidly melted as spring arrived unexpectedly early. As he walked back to the set Apter glared at the rain-filled sky. "Snow," he said. "Snow, please, I need snow." When his prayer remained unanswered he moved the unit north above the Arctic Circle and used paper snow imported from England for storm scenes.

But Apter still faces his worst dilemma: how to deal with the terrifying opening sequence in which three bodies are found buried in Gorky Park, their faces removed by furrier's knife. "We have plastic bodies

modelled on real people. They are extremely realistic and of course the heads are pretty ghastly to look at, but they have to be shown because it is crucial to the plot. I'm not making a horror movie and I don't want to be accused of showing gratuitous violence, or the results of it, so what I have done is filmed the scene from every possible angle and it is a problem I will solve when we get to the editing stage later this year back in the States." One problem remained insoluble. The Soviet Union still has a world monopoly on the Barguzin sables that play such an important part in *Gorky Park*. Apter had to settle for pine martens.

A street scene I watched featured reconstructed Moscow telephone boxes, a Soviet steam-roller and a bakery with more than a thousand loaves of specially baked Russian bread. As William Hurt, "living" Renko, crossed the road with public prosecutor Iamskov (played by Ian Bannen), specially hired Volga, Lada and Moskvitch cars rolled by and a scene that may be reduced to one minute in

the film took a whole Saturday to film. The "bakery" was a popular coffee house in Helsinki. The film crew worked through a Friday night to convert it, then restored it to its original purpose on the Sunday ready for business on Monday. The bread? "We feed it to the ducks," said the unit's publicist, Howard Brandy.

"Joanna", he called. "Hey, come on over here, baby. I want you to meet a real live English journalist." Joanna Pacula, aged 25, is what Mr Brandy, and his fellow PR men call "the face of things to come" - a former Polish Shakespearean actress playing Renko's dissident girlfriend, Irina. Miss Pacula has a lot in common with Irina.

In December 1981, visiting friends in Paris, who included Roman Polanski, she heard that military rule had been declared in Poland and decided to stay in the West. "I have never been involved in politics. I just wanted to do my job as an actress, but they closed down the theatres. All my friends were without work. What could I do?"

From France she went to the United States, again staying with Polish émigré friends. In a diner on New York's 46th Street her handbag, containing her passport and "the small amount of money I had left", was stolen. "I went to the Polish consulate and they gave me emergency papers but I had no country, no job, no money. I was just staring at the wall." In the best Hollywood tradition, it was at this moment that the telephone rang. It was Howard Koch, asking her to audition for *Gorky Park*.

"He was looking for an East European actress to play Irina so he telephoned to Roman in Paris, and Roman recommended me for the part. He saw me on stage in Warsaw three years ago and told Howard I was a respected actress in Poland."

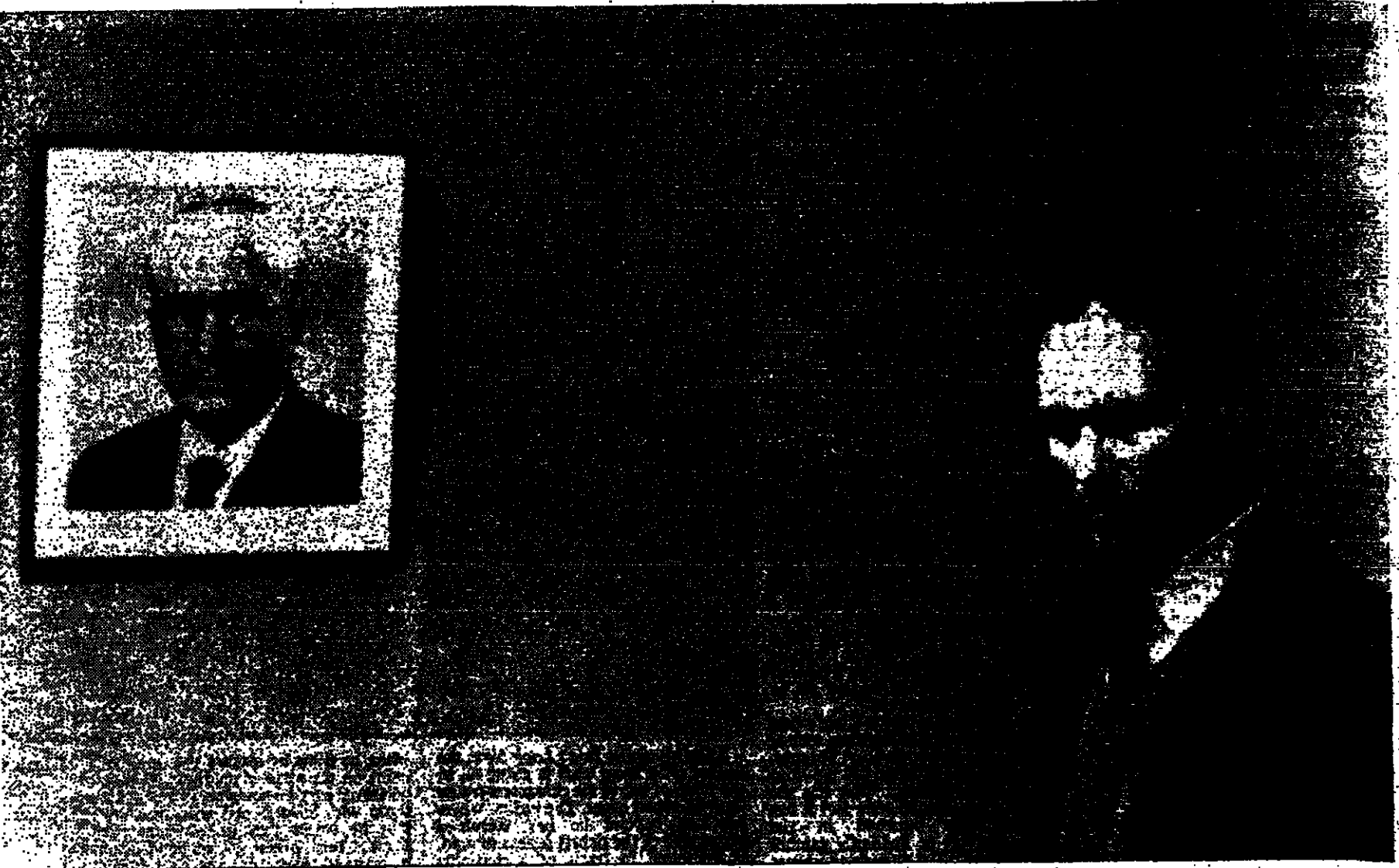
"How do I see Irina? She is very strong. Her dream is to live in the West and she uses every chance to get there, but she is vulnerable too and falls in love with Renko. Me? I would very much like to be an American. There is not much left for me in Poland."

Miss Pacula is from a little country town called Tomaszow Lubelski. "My father is an engineer, my mother a pharmacist." She has few qualms about the sort of attention she is likely to get after the premiere of *Gorky Park* in December. "I find my new existence very interesting," she said. "There are so many possibilities all of a sudden. In Poland there would be nothing."

"The time of Solidarity was very exciting. Suddenly something was happening, you know? In my mind everyone belonged to Solidarity. It was really a wonderful time. Now..." She shrugged.

Even before the picture's completion she has a contract with Koch and Kirkwood for two more films and has received offers to make commercials for jeans manufacturers. "She's got a great future ahead of her if this film succeeds," Koch said.

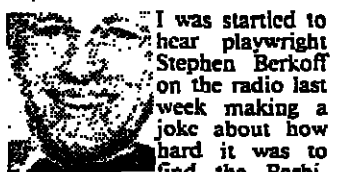
"Can't miss, Howard," someone called, "can't miss."



A hyper-intense William Hurt "living" his role as the honest Moscow cop, Renko, unravelling a plot said to have pleased even Andropov



Michael Apter with monosyllabic Lee Marvin, top left; and Joanna Pacula, "the face of things to come", in profile and with Hurt



"I was startled to hear playwright Stephen Berkoff on the radio last week making a joke about how hard it was to find the Barbican since last autumn, when Channel 4 opened. Then people started making jokes about how hard it was to find Channel 4, or about how lucky people were who lived in places where you couldn't get it.

Channel 4 jokes have lasted quite well. They received a new lease of life recently when Mary Whitehouse complained of an offending item on it - perhaps she has moved to a part of the world where you can get it, for

## I say, have you heard the one about . . .

**MOREOVER... Niles Kingston**

that purpose. As the cartoonist Spencer put it a few weeks ago: "Beats me how a channel watched by 5 per cent of the population can offend 95 per cent of them."

But Channel 4 jokes are going out now, and TV-am jokes are coming in instead. In other words, people are beginning to ask how the comings and goings of performers watched by 1 per cent of the population can be of gripping interest to 99 per cent, and how TV-am can be the first channel in TV history which is read about instead of being watched. *Punch's* recent cover was as good a TV-am joke as any: a lone figure standing at the centre of a snowy waste saying: "David Frost. TV-am. South Pole."

So if you have a good remark about Channel 4, you should make it now. In another week's time it will be totally out-of-date, because people are now beginning to say nice things

about Channel 4. How varied it is, how good the film and book items are, what wonderful repeats and films they have, how refreshing the pop music programmes are, how unusually interesting their news coverage is...

But surely, you may ask, if Channel 4 is now getting praised, it must have been quite good to begin with. Why all the flak and criticism at the start? How can a national joke so soon be accepted as something quite good?

The answer lies in the curious habit the British have, and do not quite understand, of setting up Aunt Sallies in order not to knock them down. Almost every new set-up is pelted with mud, brickbats, custard pies and rotten tomatoes. It may deserve them, it may not, but it

gets pelted until the next Aunt Sally comes along, at which point the pelted suddenly gets transferred and the recent target is cleaned up and becomes a much-loved part of the English scene.

So, when people started lambasting the Barbican, they didn't really mean they hated the place. What they meant was: "We're tired of making jokes about the National Theatre. Some time this year, I forecast, the Barbican will start becoming an established and much-loved part of the cultural scene."

There's no logic about it, but nobody ever singled out the British as a highly logical nation. British Rail is a perpetual Aunt Sally, for instance, even though most trains arrive comfortably on time and give you a good ride. British

Rail sandwiches are a constant source of good humour, even though they are now more respectable than most, and often freshly cut. I myself enjoy travelling by train in Britain, yet I still find myself making jokes about our trains.

There's no logic about the way the British select bogey men in the Labour Party - Benn, Livingstone, Tatchell. Why is Arthur Scargill the baddy of trade unionists? Why do we always insist on there being one less than popular member of the royal family? Why must there always be somebody in showbiz who is a running gag for other performers? For many years it was Des O'Connor. Morecambe and Wise only had to mention the name and the audience disappeared under their chairs with laughter. Now, suddenly, it's not Des O'Connor any more - it's Terry Wogan, whose only

fault seems to be a slight touch of ubiquity.

On the international scene, one of the most impressive figures of fun was the Norwegian singer who, five years ago, received an unprecedented zero score in the Eurovision Song Contest. I have recently learnt that this, far from ruining his career, made it - he was swamped with fat-figure offers from all over Europe. I would even say that he was a household name, if only I could remember it.

There is a message of hope in all this for TV-am. You may be a figure of fun, but people love you for it, even if not to the extent of watching you. And before long something else will come along to receive all the brickbats, at which point you can sit back and sigh with relief.

If you last that long, of course.

Meanwhile, brace yourself for this month's Aunt Sally. The pound coin, of course.

### CONCISE CROSSWORD (No 50)

ACROSS	1 Promotion (11)	13 Mexican coin (4)	15 Tuber (6)	17 Men's mood (6)	19 Ring performer (7)
2 Intravenous supplies (5)	4 Horribly (4)	6 At no place (7)	8 Heat measure (11)	10 Cubit (11)	20 Power unit (3)
3 Presents on stage (4)	5 Tiny portion (4)	7 In authority (11)	9 Panishment strap (5)	11 Urge (3)	24 Koen (5)
4 Horribly (4)	22 Jot (4)	12 Cause esteem (6)	14 Supereminence (16)	16 Look furtively (4)	25 Notify (4)
5 Tiny portion (4)	23 Peakless period (4)	14 Honour (1,1,1,1)	15 Large spoon (5)	17 Reputation (4)	26 Mutilate (4)
6 At no place (7)	24 Lends 25 Regrets	15 Tuber (6)	20 Support (4)	18 Damage extensively (6)	27 Misdemeanor (4)
7 In authority (11)	DOWN	16 Hustled 18 Ends 21 White 22 Thinner 23 SAE	21 Damage extensively (6)	19 Ring performer (7)	
8 Heat measure (11)	1 Intravenous supplies (5)	20 Power unit (3)	22 Jot (4)		
9 Panishment strap (5)	3 Presents on stage (4)	24 Koen (5)	23 Peakless period (4)		
11 Urge (3)	4 Horribly (4)	25 Notify (4)	24 Lends 25 Regrets		
13 Mexican coin (4)	5 Tiny portion (4)	26 Mutilate (4)	DOWN		
15 Tuber (6)	6 At no place (7)	27 Misdemeanor (4)	1 Hasp 2 Ready 3 Unnaturalness 4 Enrol 5 Auctioneer		
17 Men's mood (6)	7 In authority (11)		6 Rubicon 7 Entrilled 13 Eschewal 15 Passion 17 Defer 19 Dunge 24 Koen		
19 Ring performer (7)	8 Heat measure (11)				
20 Power unit (3)	9 Panishment strap (5)				
24 Koen (5)	11 Urge (3)				
25 Notify (4)	13 Mexican coin (4)				
26 Mutilate (4)	15 Tuber (6)				
27 Misdemeanor (4)	17 Men's mood (6)				



## PROFILE: Lord Harlech

# Sold... to the man from Camelot

If, as seems very likely, Knoll International, the company run by Mr Stephen Swid and Mr Marshall Cogan, gains control of Sotheby's, William David Ormsby Gore, 5th Baron Harlech, will add yet another string to his bow. Somehow or other, at the age of 64, he will find the time to be an outside administrative director - there are some who tip him as chairman - of a new Sotheby's board, just as he has found the time to combine the chairmanship of HTV, the independent television company serving Wales and the West of England, with the presidency of the British Board of Film Censors, not to mention involvements in the Royal Institute of International Affairs and several charities and pressure groups.

A certain promiscuity of mind and body is needed to view the latest Monty Python film, the independent television company serving Wales and the West of England, with the presidency of the British Board of Film Censors, not to mention involvements in the Royal Institute of International Affairs and several charities and pressure groups.

Although he was once the Deputy Leader of the Opposition in the House of Lords, he doesn't go there much nowadays and thoroughly disapproves of its present composition. "The House of Lords doesn't represent any particular constituency in the country, so in any important clash with the Commons, it has to give way. I'd be in favour of an elected upper house, using a system of proportional representation; this is not a particularly radical suggestion. I think the present system leads to confrontation politics and is a travesty of democracy."

Lord Harlech, happy to ride a favourite hobby horse, stretched his long legs in a well-satisfied manner. We were sitting in his office at the London quarters of HTV. "I wanted to get away from oak panelling and that sort of thing," he said, and so he has. His office was designed by David Milner in bright blocks of yellow and rusty pink. There is a boardroom table at one level and, lower down, a "conversation pit" with cushioned leather chairs and a view of the terrace. As working environments go it is perfectly delightful.

He had not really meant to be an almost full-time working chairman of a television company and was rather surprised when his consortium, which included Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor, was awarded the franchise in 1967. When it did win, Lord Hill of Luton, then chairman of the then ITA (Independent Television Authority) said sternly: "I'm relying on you, David, to see that the promises you

made are carried out." So there was no question of him leaving. In the same year, his first wife, Sylvia, died in a car crash, at the age of 45 and after 27 years of marriage. And he thought that to resume his political career without her would be agonisingly lonely. Among the men in independent television, hardly a soft-hearted bunch, he has won great respect for the way he unites his company's two boards, representing the two different regions, according to one executive, this is particularly impressive because the two boards look at each other "like Victorian explorers discovering a tribe of savages."

He has also been a mildly persistent critic of the way independent television is run. He said that as a company HTV tended to have the philosophy of television and its political aspects "constantly under discussion" and this is borne out by the break flow of letters to this newspaper written by his managing director, Ron Wordley.

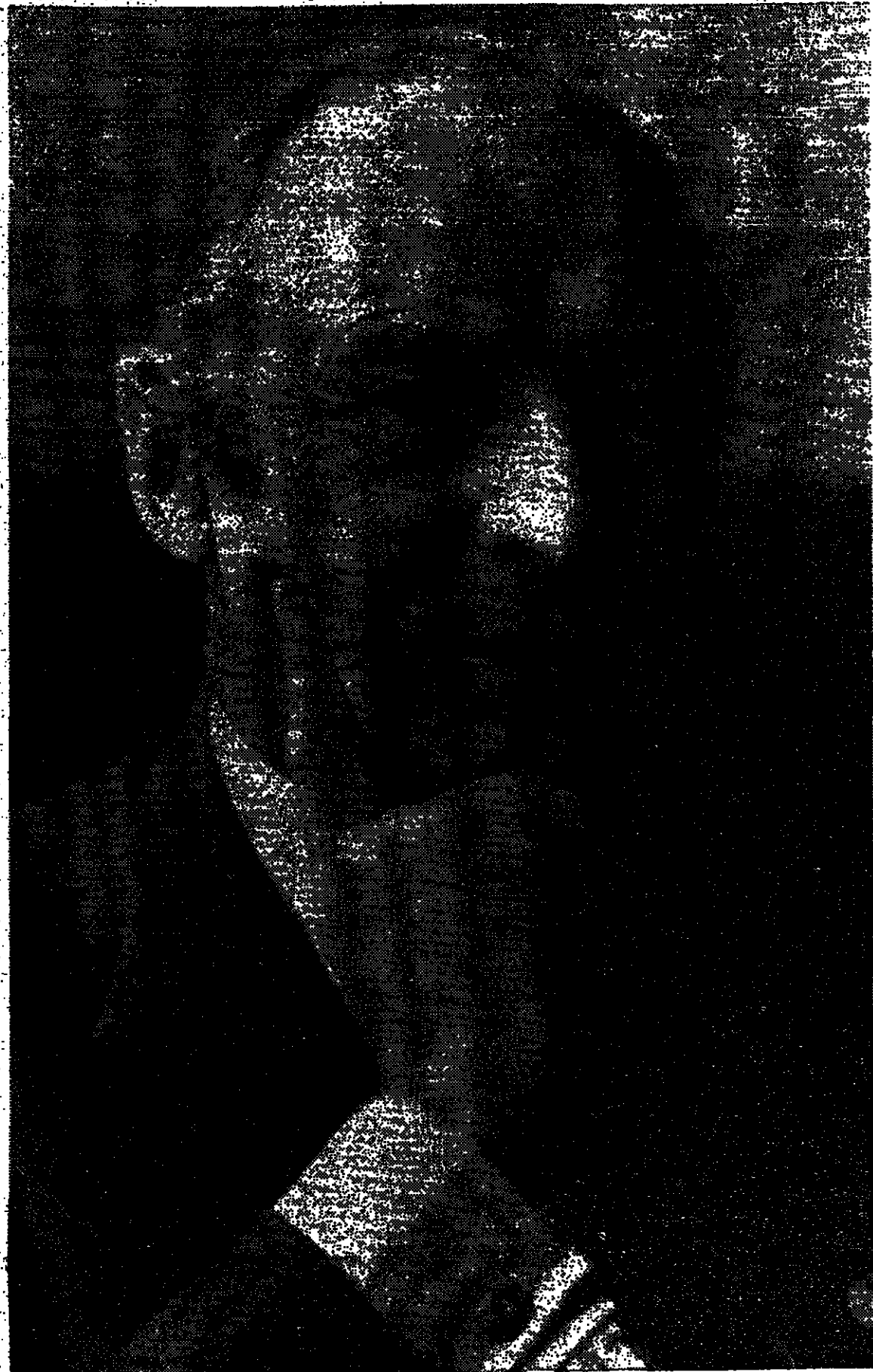
As David Ormsby Gore, he became Conservative MP for Oswestry in 1950, at the age of 32 and followed in several pairs of family footsteps. His father was a Conservative MP for 28 years and a Cabinet minister in Baldwin and Chamberlain governments. On his mother's side, he is related to the great Tory clans of Cecils and Cavendishes and, through his sister, Katharine, the Macmillans. Although he once longed to do something different and daring, such as going into business, "the pull was too great." His parliamentary career was inevitably straightforward. PPS to Selwyn Lloyd, then an Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, 60 days later, Minister of State in the same department. I suggested that his family motto "Late but Earnest" could not really apply to a man who achieved so much, so early. He said that the motto belonged to his mother's family, the Cecils, and, as far as he was concerned, must refer to their famed unpunctuality. Although he himself takes after the more punctual Harlechs, his sisters are late Cecils through and through.

"When I was 16, I had to take an older sister to a formal dinner party. I kept on chivvying her to get ready but she lingered and lingered and, by the time we got there, to my great mortification, our places had been taken away."

The early ladder-climbing seemed to point the way to his eventually becoming Foreign Secretary. Instead, Harold Macmillan asked him to go to Washington as Ambassador. He took three days to decide whether to go. At the time, he didn't know that acceptance would mean the virtual end of his political career, but even when he realised that it would, he never regretted his decision.

The deciding factor in his accepting the job was that his close friend, John F. Kennedy, had just become America's President. He had first met Kennedy when the latter was a 21-year-old student at the London School of Economics. Kennedy's sister Kathleen, married Lord Harrington, Lord Harlech's cousin and Harlech married Kathleen's best friend, Sylvia Lloyd Thomas. The two families were more grimly united by death: both Kennedy's and Harlech's older brothers died young as did several cousins.

Kennedy thought Harlech "the wisest man I have ever known" and their friendship put several political noses out of joint. "It was a very exciting time," is all Lord Harlech will venture on the Camelot era and

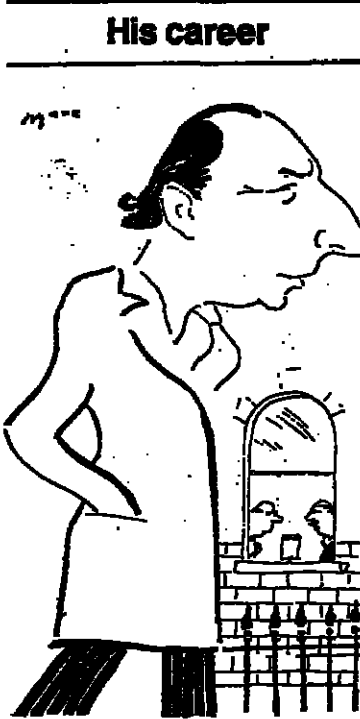


his promised account of the daily conversations with the President has never been published. But according to other sources, Harlech's influence was enormous. The Washington columnist, Andrew Tully, wrote that without Harlech's restraining influence, the Bay of Pigs episode might have escalated into war. To deal with such a potential powder keg must have required great sensitivity from the Ambassador, whose own mother, when he was a little boy, nicknamed him Trotsky because of his rebellious temperament.

By the time he returned from Washington, the Sixties were beginning to swing. His children became

the darlings of the King's Road, particularly his daughter Jane, who with her husband, Michael Rainey, ran one of the most exciting of the crop of new boutiques called "Hugoboss". Lord Harlech, as much as his children, blossomed in the 1960s, which he recalled with wistful nostalgia. "Life was a very joyful experience. The philosophy that there was more to life than the rat race and the daily grind, all that I found admirable. I liked the idea that people, especially men, should look more beautiful, although this has not been wholly successful. I find it very odd that now we're all back in pinstriped suits."

He vividly described a dance given for his children in 1965 - "the year when everyone looked quite wonderful". The marquee was hung with a tapestry, the musicians played from a platform that rose out of the dance floor. "Cecil Beaton said it was the most beautiful dance he'd ever seen." He was the most supportive and sympathetic of parents. When his daughter, Alice, took up with Eric Clapton, during the musician's intensely drug-ridden period, he tried to help him come off drugs. For such gestures he received much abusive mail. Of his rainbow-clad children, one, Julian, was found dead in 1974; the



Born, May 20 1918  
Educated Eton, New College, Oxford  
1950-61 Conservative MP for Oswestry Division of Salop  
1951 PPS to Minister of State for Foreign Affairs  
1957-61 Minister of State for Foreign Affairs  
1961-65 British Ambassador in Washington



Lord Harlech with Jacqueline Kennedy in 1967  
1964 succeeded father  
1966-67 Deputy Leader of the Opposition, House of Lords  
1965- President, British Board of Film Censors  
1969-73 Chairman, Shelter  
1973-78 President, Shelter  
1969-75 Chairman, European Movement  
1971-78 Trustee, Tate Gallery  
1979- Advisory Committee, V&A  
Chairman, Harlech Television  
Chairman, Kennedy Memorial Trust

remaining four have adjusted to the more sober climate of the 1980s. Alice works in Paris; Jane, who has four children, lives in Wales and runs a shop selling kitchen equipment; Victoria, mother of three, lives in Ireland and Francis runs the family estates. Their lives are now far too industrious for the gossip columns.

In 1967, after years of quietly respectful recognition of his achievements, he became an international celebrity over something that he didn't do, which was to marry Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy. It would have been too much to hope that an eligible and handsome man who had

recently lost his wife could go on a trip with the most fascinating widow in the world without causing comment.

"If I got on a plane, there would be a journalist in the next seat. Newspapers even described the clothes I wore. In some respects, it was disagreeable to be followed everywhere but we tried to rise above it and have always remained good friends." This good friendship led to one newspaper publishing about Harlech a nine-part series and a Sunday colour supplement making him the cover story.

In 1969, he married a woman with the same assured New York-inspired elegance as Mrs. Kennedy. Pamela Colin was the London editor of American *Vogue*, a dynamic career woman. Thirteen years on, by a process of osmosis, she has the comfortably spread-out shape of aristocratic Englishwomen and like them she spends a lot of time cooking superbly.

The Harlechs' wedding was attended by the Snowdens and Patti Boyd and George Harrison, something which perhaps prompted a snarling *New Statesman* writer to say that Lord Harlech's not "such a distinguished name as a glamorous one." The glamorous label stuck more firmly when he became the chairman of Great Western Festivals and wanted to organize a pop festival "which wasn't a terrible rip-off for both artists and fans". His reward was more abusive mail and an obtrusive and unnecessary police presence at the festival.

Referring to Sotheby's, the word "unfairness" was often on his lips. One "unfairness" was that Mr Graham Llewellyn, Sotheby's chief executive, has said that Mr Swid and Mr Cogan "know nothing about the art auction business and nothing about Britain". In fact, both men sit on the boards of several museums and galleries and are art collectors. "I compare their achievements with those of some of the directors of Sotheby's, including the chairman," said Lord Harlech stonily.

He himself has been a trustee of the Tate Gallery and is on the advisory committee of the V & A. His wife, like her father, Ralph Colin, has a considerable knowledge of the art world and HTV is involved through its own fine art company, Frost and Reed. Little wonder then that the normally unflappable Lord Harlech got angry when a reporter suggested that he might be allying himself with the Philistines. "I thought that Mr Cogan and Mr Swid were not being fairly treated. It seemed to me that they had some reasonable ideas that Sotheby's ought to listen to but they weren't given a fair hearing. They would have liked to have had a friendly discussion but were denied one. Well, we'll see. After all, the shareholders won the company. Chairman can sometimes forget that this is the case."

It's an unpleasant situation but Lord Harlech is used to such things. The man who was Britain's special envoy to Africa on the problem of Zimbabwe in 1979 and described his role as "an exercise in quiet diplomacy"; the man who accused the Russian delegate to the UN, Mr Zorin, of "an intemperate and misleading outburst" without lasting harm being done, can surely organize the way pictures come under the hammer. And if it leads to more public baiting? Lord Harlech smiles tolerantly. "I don't worry about those things a great deal."

Penny Perriek

## FINDINGS

A weekly series reporting on scientific research

### ANIMALS

probably fall off anyway. "Head-starting" - capturing hatchlings from the wild and rearing them in captivity for release later, is another popular technique; the theory is that the captive-reared turtles will be stronger and likelier to survive. Where is the evidence that head-starting works? Or is it more of a ritual release, the obverse of animal sacrifice, a ceremony made more for the benefit of the scientists than the turtles?

"It might not be relevant to inquire into these feelings if the science of head-starting were more robust," Dr Mrosovsky notes dryly. "But its weakness leaves a vacuum for the irrational and emotive."

The Styrofoam box, curiously enough, is another subject that causes the hearts of marine turtle biologists to flutter. The boxes are ideal for incubating eggs; they protect them from predators, are easily handled for study, and can improve hatching rates. But in the 1970s there began to emerge an absurd, even obscene, consequence of using such boxes: the minute temperature differentials between the Styrofoam and natural environments seemed to cause an imbalance between male and female hatchlings. About 23 per cent more males is the latest thinking.

The famous dictum of Ogden Nash - "The turtle lives / Twisted plucked / Which practically conceals its sex" - still holds true, moreover. The only way accurately to sex a batch of hatchlings is to kill and dissect them all.

There are broader implications in much of this, particularly when the question arises of what to do with the captive-bred or reared animals. How important is it to preserve subspecies which may be endangered by sheer genetic dilution if conservation or

commercial farming operations succeed in encouraging other races to flourish? At some stage, the author implies, conservation techniques and attitudes become self-starting and science is harnessed to the service of the scientist's ego not of the object he professes to hold dear. There is something a bit sinister, even about the Jungubrious marine turtle, when its protectors start playing God.

### Pet subject

Professor Dr Konrad Lorenz is best known to non-specialists for his "imprinting" experiments, one of which resulted in a brood of goslings following him around because they thought he was their mother. The great animal behaviourist, long since a Nobel Prize winner, is 80 this year and among the many celebrations in his honour is an international symposium on relationships between humans and their pets, to be held in Vienna in October.

Scientists from 14 countries including, for the first time, several in eastern Europe, will discuss the mechanisms by which a human-animal bond can improve health, prolong life and render a wide range of social and behavioural problems more amenable to treatment. Bizarre though it may seem, doctors, psychologists and social workers who have tried "pet therapy" are convinced of its benefits. The Americans, of course, are pioneers in the field, but most developed countries harbour enthusiasts, and Britain has its own Society for Companion Animal Studies, based in part at the Veterinary School of the University of Glasgow.



## Jago, the orang-utan that made history

This is Jago, born in London zoo in Regent's Park on March 12, 1982, and pictured in the newly published Annual Report of the Zoological Society of London for that year. "The date was particularly notable for the captive breeding of this endangered species" because it coincides with the birthday of Bala, Jago's 22-year-old grandfather. Jago is "the first orang-utan to be born in Britain from two captive-born parents", the report continues. "The baby is being successfully reared by his mother Suka, despite the fact that she was herself hand-reared."

With a deficit of just under £1.4m at the end of 1982, the report makes sombre reading in some parts, although the society can claim more than enough captive breeding successes to be getting on with, including the rearing of the first gaur calf to survive in Britain, and the birth of two black rhinoceros calves, one of them named after Esther Rantzen. The giant pandas, as usual, failed to breed, although their perennially optimistic keepers say they are hopeful for this year.

### Monster body

There is a learned body called the International Society of Cryptozoology that has been formed to collate, investigate and (dare we suggest it?) inspire information on what might as well be known as para-biological phenomena: "animals of unexpected form or size, or unexpected occurrence in time and space, such as the yeti, the sasquatch and the various lake monsters of the world." Readers who have seen the Loch Ness monster or ET should write not to *The Times*, but to the Society at PO Box 43070, Tucson, Arizona 85733, USA.

### Zoo hideaway

Britain's first made-to-order bat cave is to be created at Whipsnade Zoo this summer. Bat populations are thought to be declining because suitable sites for hibernation have been in short supply of late: disused railway tunnels, which the artificial cave may well resemble, are ideal.

### Running total

Where are the hares of yesterday? The Scottish Wildlife Trust and the Game Conservancy, for a start, would like to know. The population of brown hares seems to have been declining since the early 1960s at about 3 per cent a year, although statistics are as elusive as the animal itself. A vice-chairman of the trust writes in a recent issue of its magazine that he tried an ad hoc hare count last May "during a northbound train journey... before the corn and hay crops were too high."

Between York and mid-Northumberland, when it got too dark, my score of hares seen from the train window was as follows: Yorkshire 2, County Durham nil, Northumberland nil, figures which read more like a World Cup disaster than a count of what was until recently a common animal of the countryside.

### No evil aye-aye

The simple folk of Madagascar could hardly be blamed for seeing their very own aye-aye as a portent of bad luck. With its enormous staring eyes that glow in the dark like a cat's or an owl's, its long skeletal fingers, and its unpleasant eating habits, encountering an aye-aye in the forest at night must be a little like watching Psycho while taking a shower.

The World Wildlife Fund is changing all that, however, with an education programme to convince the islanders that the little creature, now, of course, very nearly extinct, is really good fun and nice to have around. The effort may be succeeding: ecstatic reports from a nature reserve off the north-east coast confirm the first aye-aye known to have been born in the wild for more than a decade. The aye-aye is the rarest of the lemurs and is thought to be one of man's earliest progenitors. It clatters through the trees at night eating insects.

Tony Samstag

## Floating a new theory

These are the days, the shade of Solomon reminds us, when "the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land". This year's voice, as it happens is likely to be the inspiration for a fair amount of Solomonian wisdom as scientists struggle to come to terms with a book-length argument that throws many of their most cherished assumptions into a cocked hat. The "conservation" of sea turtles is not, on the face of it, the most promising target for an iconoclast. But any dedicated specialist breeds its own fanatic obsessions, and these grotesque marine amphibians more than most a protective tenderness that can only be described as maternal seems to motivate those scientists who study the beasts.

"Sea turtles are beautiful, complex creatures, mysterious enough to become addicting for the biologist, absorbing for anyone to watch, and of great value for their eggs, meat, shell



## THE TIMES DIARY

### Growing panes

The news that large lamps are falling off the Capitol in Washington lends further urgency to David Pincus's efforts to refurbish Hammerwood Park, Sussex. Hammerwood was built in 1792 by Benjamin Henry Latrobe, who lived for a time in America as that country's first professional architect and directed the construction of the Capitol. He was fond of architectural jokes. Pincus says the building's panes might, for example, count the number of windows at Hammerwood from the inside and then the outside. There will be evenings of Victorian music, readings and lectures throughout the summer to raise money for repairs. Those who wish to attend are advised that dress should be "decorative, comfortable or exotic," like the house.

### Peddled around

London Weekend Television's *Weekend World* is planning one of those exercises in which political journalists are recruited to play the parts of cabinet ministers. The project may be cancelled for lack of anyone to assume the personality of Norman Tebbit, the Employment Secretary. The role was offered to our man in the lobbies. I fear he put the phone down rather sharply, and now LWT say: "We have no fixed plans for such a programme."

### At any price

There were snags in the plan of the General Confederation of Greek Workers to hold a European peace conference for May Day. First, the conference was held in the bunker-like Hall of War Museum. Second, the delegates received an official welcome to the European Conference on "Disarmament, Detention and Peace." There was no delegation from Poland.

London taxi cab No 15497 carries an advertisement for Embassy No 1 Mild cigarettes, featuring a picture of a London taxi, alongside two notices requesting passengers not to smoke.

### Choice assortment

Metaphor the PHS editor had brightened the chances of readers suggesting appropriate sponsors for Kent Opera's forthcoming production of *Il Scrofolo* by the cleverness of his headline in the Diary of April 22: *Girding? (Geddit? Oh, never mind)*. But no suggestions flowed in, and will all no doubt be hopefully followed up. Favourites were manufacturers of Turkish Delight and the Women's Liberation Movement. The Anti-Slavery Society put in a bid on its own behalf. Alan Wilson thought Sun Maid Sultanias would leap at it, but the bottle of champagne I have belatedly decided to award in a burst of Bank Holiday good humour goes to Reginald Spink who suggested that, as the German title is *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, Security Express might be willing to handle the operation. I will be dispensing more bubbly tomorrow when I announce the result of the Design a Flag for Europe competition.

### Camera-shy

ITN and other British television news and current affairs crews are threatened with exclusion from Israel. This is because the annual conference of Alan Sapper's ACTT resolved to ask members to "refrain" from filming in Israel for anything except news and current affairs coverage. The resolution, passed in March, referred to "attempted genocide" in Lebanon and the need for a political settlement in the Middle East. I understand it is now to be "reconsidered" by the union executive next week.

The Austrian artist Friedensreich Hundertwasser, having played a joke on the Russians when they tried to co-opt him as a spy in the 1950s (he sent them postcards of German churches) did not think the story so funny when it retold in the Diary of April 4. He wants me to make it absolutely clear that he has never spied for the Russians, and I am happy to oblige.

### For the chop?

Independent Radio News bulletins yesterday carried an item about a rare lamb stolen from a Sheffield park, and an offer that if the thieves return it they can take any other lamb instead. I do not want to prejudice the baa-lamb's chances, but it is a *prima facie* offence under the Theft Act 1978 to advertise or publish an offer of reward in terms suggesting that no questions will be asked. Fine: £100 on summary conviction. I thought they should be told.

George Gilbert has seen an end to Tory cuts. At the age of 85 he has retired from the post at the barber's chair in the basement of the Carlton Club. Some would claim that he was the country's oldest working hairdresser but I do not want to provoke a rash of ancient barbers eager to contest the title. Before going to the Carlton, Gilbert was at the Constitutional a few doors away, so he trimmed most top Tories, including Harold Macmillan and Sir Winston Churchill, who was his most disagreeable customer. When Gilbert was at the Constitutional the "Savage Club" had part of the same building, so Gilbert tended stars like Arthur Askey and Wee Georgie Wood as well. Secretly I think he really preferred Savages to politicians as customers.

PHS

## Salman Rushdie takes a dissenting view of 'Gandhi'

# Truth retreats when the saint goes marching in

Deification is an Indian disease, and in India, Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, great soul, little father, has been raised higher than anyone in the pantheon of latter-day gods. "But why," I was asked more than once in India recently, "why should an Englishman want to deify Gandhi?" And why, one might add, should the American Motion Picture Academy wish to help him, by presenting, like votive offerings in a temple, eight glittering statues to a film that is inadequate as biography, appalling as history, and often laughably crude as a film?

The answer may be that *Gandhi* (the film, not the man, who irritated the British immensely, but who is now safely dead) satisfies certain longings in the Western psyche, which can be categorized under three broad headings. First, the exotic impulse, the wish to see India as the fountain head of spiritual wisdom. Gandhi, the mystic, the guru, follows in the footsteps of other pop holy men. The Mahatma blazed this trail. Second, there is what might be termed the Christian longing, for a "leader" dedicated to ideals of poverty and simplicity, a man who is too good for this world and is therefore sacrificed on the altars of history. And third, there is the liberal-conservative political desire to hear it said that revolutions can, and should, be made purely by submission, and self-sacrifice, and non-violence alone. To make *Gandhi* appeal to the Western market, he had to be sanctified and turned into Christ, an odd fate for a crafty Gujarati lawyer - and the history of one of the century's greatest revolutions had to be mangled. This is nothing new. The British have been mangling Indian history for centuries.

Much of the debate about the film has concerned omissions: why no Subhas Bose? Why no Tagore? The film's makers answer that it would be impossible to include everything and everyone, and of course selection is central to any work of art. But artistic selection creates meanings, and in *Gandhi* these are frequently dubious and in some cases frighteningly naive. Take the Amritsar massacre. This is perhaps the most powerful sequence in the film. It made me cry. Both the massacre and the subsequent court-martial, at which outraged Englishmen question the unrepentant Dyer with barely suppressed horror, are staged accurately and with passion. But what these two scenes mean is that Dyer's actions at Jallianwala Bagh were those of a cruel, over-zealous individual, which were immediately condemned by Anglo-India. And that is a complete falsehood.

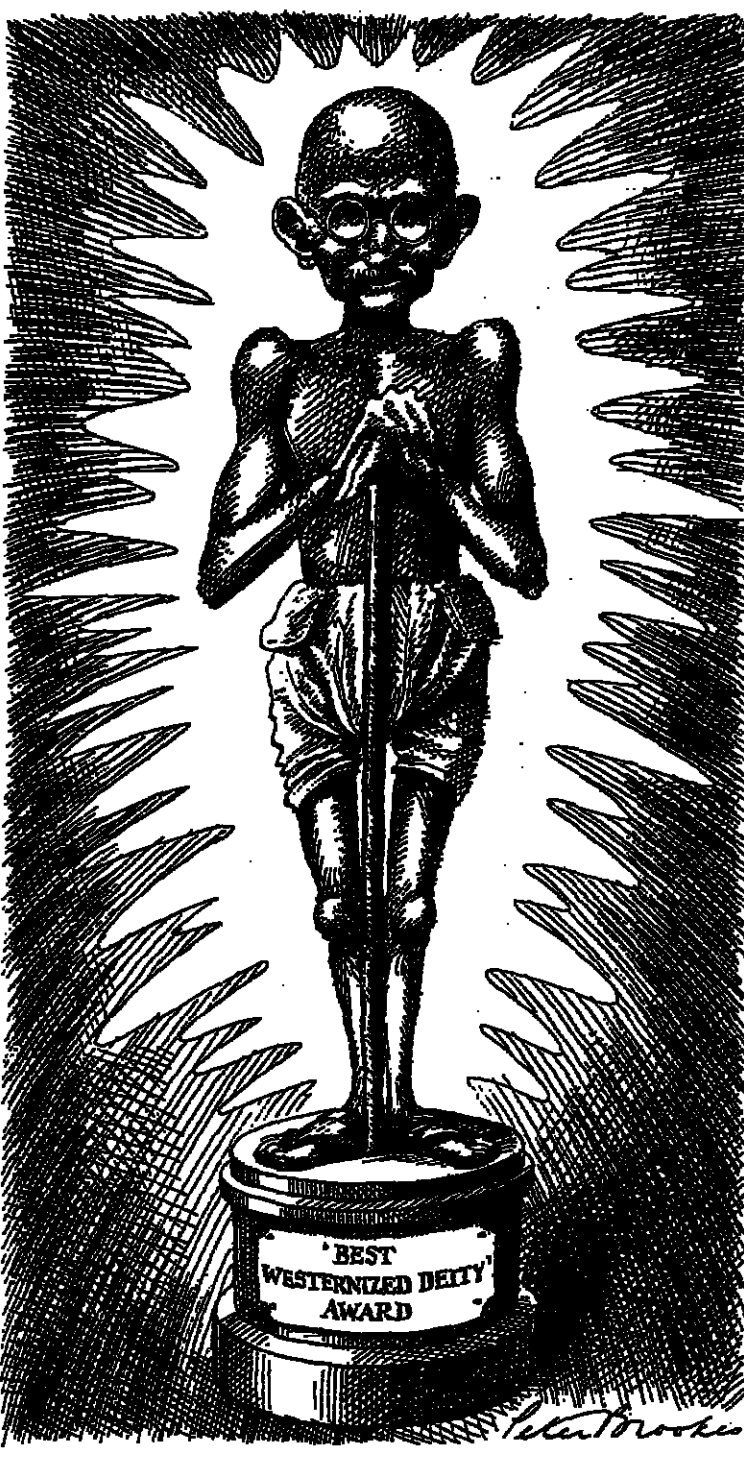
The British in Punjab in 1919 were panicky. They feared a second Indian Mutiny. They had nightmares about rape. The court-martial may have condemned Dyer, but the British in India did not. He had taught the wops a lesson; he was a hero. And when he returned to England, he was given a hero's welcome. An appeal fund launched on his behalf made him a rich man. Tagore, disgusted by the British reaction to the massacre, returned his knighthood.

In the case of Amritsar, artistic selection has altered the meaning of the event. It is an unforgivable distortion. Another example: the assassination of Gandhi. Attentive enough to place it at the beginning as well as the end of his film, but during the intervening three hours, he tells us nothing about it. Not the assassin's name. Not the name of the organization behind the killing. Not the ghost of a motive for the deed. In a political thriller, this would be merely crass; in *Gandhi*, it is something worse.

Gandhi was murdered by Nathuram Godse, a member of the Hindu-fascist RSS, who blamed the Mahatma for the partition of India. But in the film the killer is not differentiated from the crowd; he simply steps out of the crowd with a gun. This could mean one of three things: that he represents the crowd - that the people turned against Gandhi, that the mob threw up a killer who did its work; or that Godse was "one lone nut", albeit a lone nut under the influence of a sinister-looking sadhu in a rickshaw; or that Gandhi is Christ in a loincloth, and the assassination is the crucifixion, which needs no explanation. We know why Christ died. He died that others might live.

But Godse was not representative of the crowd. He did not work alone. And the killing was a political, not a mystical, act. Attentive enough to distort mythologize, but they also lie. Ah, but, we are told, the film is a biography, not a political work. Even if we accept this distinction (surely spurious in the case of a life lived so much in public), one must reply that a biography, if it is not to turn into hagiography, must tackle the awkward aspects of the subject as well as the lovable side. The *brahmacharya* experiments, during which Gandhi would lie with young naked women all night to test his will to abstain, are well known, and they are, of course, ambiguous events. The film omits them. It also omits Gandhi's fondness for Indian billionaires industrialists (he died, after all, in the house of the richest of them, Birla House in Delhi). Surely this is a rich area for a biographer to mine: the man of the masses, dedicated to the simple life, financed all his life by super-capitalist patrons, and, some would say, hopelessly compromised by them? A written biography which failed to enter such murky waters would not be worth reading. We should not be less critical of a film.

*Gandhi* presents false portraits of most of the leaders of the independence struggle. Patel comes across as a clown, whereas he was one of the hardest of hard men. And it was wit to portray Jinnah as Count Dracula. But the important changes are in the personality of Nehru and in the decision to erase Bose from history. In both cases, dramatic interest has been sacrificed in the interests of deification. Nehru was not Gandhi's disciple. They were equals, and they argued fiercely. Their debate was



central to the freedom movement - Nehru, the urban sophisticate who wanted to industrialize India, to bring it into the modern age, versus the rural, handicraft-loving, sometimes medieval figure of Gandhi: the country lived this debate, and it had to choose. India chose Gandhi with its heart, but in terms of practical politics, it chose Nehru. One can understand nothing about the nature of India's independence unless one understands the conflict between these two great men. The film, by turning Nehru into Bapu's acolyte, manages to castrate itself.

And Bose is selected out. Bose the guerrilla, who fought with the Japanese against the British in the war, Bose whose views could have provided another sort of counterweight to Gandhi's and so improved the film, Bose who was violent, and the film, if it means anything, seeks to mean that non-violence works, and that it could work anywhere, in any revolution. All counter-arguments are therefore rigorously excluded.

The message of *Gandhi* is that the best way to gain your freedom is to line up, unarmed, and march towards your oppressors and permit them to club you to the ground; if you do this for long enough, you will embarrass them into going away. This is worse than nonsense. It is dangerous nonsense. Non-violence was a strategy chosen for a particular people against a particular oppressor: to generalize from it is a suspect act. How useful would non-violence have been against, say, the Nazis? Even in India, the leaders of

the independence movement did not succeed because they were more moral than the British. They won because they were smarter, craftier, better fighting politicians than their opponents. *Gandhi* shows us a saint who vanquished an empire. This is a fiction.

All devotees of unintentional comedy will relish the scenes in *Gandhi* in which Bapu re-enacts his marriage for the benefit of a western journalist; in which one man's hunger strike pacifies a rioting Calcutta, and repentant hooligans promise Gandhi that they will adopt Muslim orphan children; in which Mirabehn is played as a woman in a permanent hypnotic trance; or in which the partition is sorted out during a two-minute break in the independence negotiations. If this is the best film of 1983, God help the film industry.

What it is, is an incredibly expensive movie about a man who was dedicated to the small-scale and to asceticism. The form of the film, opulent, lavish, overpowers and finally crushes the man at its centre, in spite of Ben Kingsley's luminous performance (at least he deserved his Oscar). It is as if Gandhi, years after his death, has found in Attentive enough the last in his series of billionaire patrons, his last Birla. And rich men, like emperors, have always had a weakness for tame holy men, for saints.

Salman Rushdie is the author of *Midnight's Children*, winner of the 1981 Booker Prize.  
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## Julie Davidson

# Red Army's new camp follower

One morning in March I woke up in the Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten in Munich and began to nibble at a scrap of soup hanging in my head like a ragdoll. The name was familiar: "Guantanamo". The words were novel: "One Willie Miller - there's only one Willie Miller." Other stray tunes, fractured lyrics followed: "Come on, ye Reds... here we go, here we go, here we go... the northern lights of old Aberdeen".

That's it, I thought, it has finally happened. The ultimate capitulation. Like some late deflowering of feminist purity I have admitted football to my life. And in Munich, of all places, in the hotel where once Hitler plotted Third Reich politics with his cronies. A lifetime's resistance to the terrible tyranny of football - the chants, the roars, the rabble-rousing rhetoric of its arcane excitement - at last began to crumble. I had joined Aberdeen's Red Army.

For Aberdeen, the morning after they held Bayern Munich to a goalless draw was one milestone on their road to the final of the European Cup-winners Cup. For me, it was a stepping stone on the path to compromise, a process effected, inevitably, by the loving fascism of marriage wherein one partner's compulsion to share insights and pleasures with the other becomes well-nigh fanatical.

The deal is that he now calls himself a feminist, although he has yet to earn that right, just as I have yet to earn the right to call myself a fan, which apparently is something you become only after 20 years' submersion in acid rain on empty terraces. But at least I can claim kinship with the city of the Dons and begin to go the way of all those who discuss football.

This is the first time that the slow developing Dons have reached a European final, and when they meet Real Madrid in Copenhagen on May 11 they will bring to the field an unusual compound of Scottish elements, none of which normally mix well.

In players, manager and directors fast, sharp, streetwise Glasgow energy joins forces with slow-moving, far-sighted Aberdeen opportunism and admits a dash of manipulative Edinburgh manners. The manager, Alex Ferguson, and the captain, Willie Miller, come from Govan and Bridgeton, two of Glasgow's inner city obstacle courses for young ambition; the star player, the little ginger-haired forward Gordon Strachan, comes from Edinburgh; and the directors represent the most efficacious qualities of oil and granite.

The Aberdeen board has only three members. Like the rest of the city, the club dislikes change and guards its traditionalism with a ferocity that holds lightning meetings and makes fast decisions, displaying the kind of impetus which gave their ground, Pittodrie, the first all-seated stadium in Britain.

The chairman is Dick Donald, patriarch of a durable dynasty which has owned and run most of the city's

entertainments interests - cinemas, bingo halls and the fine His Majesty's Theatre, now the property of Aberdeen District Council. Dick's son Ian is another director and the machinery of promotion and public relations is kept well-oiled by the vice-chairman, Chris Anderson, an academic administrator whose graceful social manner and easy intelligence have also made him a leading spokesman for the premier division of the Scottish League.

Perhaps the only characteristic of the Scottish stereotype missing from the Dons' composite is the mysticism of the Celts, who choose to play shinty instead; although Celtic doom may be represented in the club's intermittent flirtation with self-destruction, something which is much more Scottish than Aberdeenism. After their heart-stopping defeat of Bayern Munich in the second leg of the quarter-final, when the two critical goals were scored within 13 minutes of the final whistle, they went on to lose a succession of silly games in the Scottish league.

These symptoms of manic depression are not at all typical of Scotland's north-east, whose temperament is stable, unemotional, self-interested and shrewd. Its instinct for survival goes back a long way, when "Butcher" Cumberland was on his way north to sort out the Jacobites at Culloden. Aberdeen gave him a civic reception. Of all the Scottish cities it least needed the benisons of oil; it had prospered from agriculture, fishing and light industry but accepted the petroleum windfall as if it were no more than dessert.

It has been argued that the city's prosperity and indeed complacency militated against success in football for a long time. The club was founded in 1903 (some say it takes its nickname from the number of academics among its founder members) but it was 43 years before it began to build any kind of consistent reputation. Not hungry enough, the pundits said; Aberdeen lacks the partisan palates of the Glasgow clubs, the mean appetites of the Dundee clubs, the capital teeth of Edinburgh's Hibs and Hearts.

But somehow it was inevitable that some day the Dons should find themselves as they do today, within reach of triple glory and poised to smash the dominance in Scottish football of Rangers and Celtic. They have already knocked Celtic out of the cup competition and meet Rangers in the final; despite stumbles they are still racing Celtic and Dundee United to the top of the premier league; and they are the only British team to reach a European final this season.

Forty-three years after all, is a mere blink in the eye of a city which has set its sights on success for centuries. Slow to rouse, its emotions are now approaching ecstasy as 15,000 fans prepare to cross the sea to Copenhagen.

Sadly, for a variety of reasons, I won't be there. Admitting football to my life is one thing; admitting Sweden is another.

## Gerald Kaufman

# Mrs Thatcher, beware the Ides of May

On the morning of May 8, 1970, I reported to the Prime Minister that Labour had done exceedingly well in the local elections in Manchester the previous day. Dick Crossman brought similar news from Coventry. Throughout England and Wales Labour had made a net gain of 443 seats. This voting pattern reinforced the government's lead in the opinion polls and confirmed Harold Wilson's intention to seek a dissolution of Parliament. Six weeks later, Mr Edward Heath was in 10 Downing Street.

Of course, there are considerable differences between May 1983 and May 1970. This Parliament has not run quite as long as its predecessor of 13 years ago. This Conservative government's lead in the opinion polls today is of much longer duration than Labour's in 1970. On the other hand, there are even greater similarities.

Now, as then, the Prime Minister is, at any rate according to poll findings, much more popular than the leader of the Opposition. Now, as then, there is a feeling in some quarters that the Opposition is so unready for battle that the Government must inevitably triumph comfortably to victory. In 1970 the balmy spring weather engendered even greater complacency, causing Labour supporters to believe that their party was home and dry. The government entered the election a confident winner. Its downfall was all the more devastating: hubris had been recompensed with Nemesis.

I am not seeking to prove that history is sure to repeat itself; history is not necessarily like that at all. What, on the other hand, cannot be denied is that no one is a winner until the finishing post is reached. In the next seven days Mrs Thatcher faces the most difficult decision she has ever had to make. I remember so clearly Harold Wilson's sunny press interviews in the garden of Number 10 on the afternoon of May 18, the day the general election was announced. I recall, despite my own optimism about the outcome, the dull feeling at the pit of my stomach: the knowledge that this was it, that there was no turning back.

If Mrs Thatcher decides to go ahead and call a June election, she will be burdened with that knowledge too. After all, she cannot really be confident of winning a spring election. Otherwise we would be in the middle of one now; she would not have had to wait for the local elections to confirm her certainty. Nor will this Thursday's voting tell her as much as she would like to

learn. Because of the higher turn-out in the 1979 local elections, which were held on the same day as the parliamentary polling, Labour, on that otherwise catastrophic day, actually gained 504 seats. So even if there were to be Labour net losses this week, these would not of themselves indicate a general election victory for the Conservatives.

No doubt the Conservative Central Office computer is already programmed to feed Thursday's voting patterns into the framework of the new constituency boundaries. Presumably, sophisticated extrapolations will seek to compensate for the low poll that is to be expected. However, even if the results turn out unequivocally good for the Government, these will not necessarily be translated into victory in a rushed general election, the experience of 1970 warns of that if nothing else.

Mrs Thatcher has made a mistake that is already grievous, and which might turn out to be calamitous, by allowing election speculation to build up as much as it has. If she feels able to request a dissolution on the basis of favourable local election results, it will be clear that she has not done so in conformity with her Resolute Approach, since the resolute thing to do would be to keep Parliament at work for its full term. She would be seen to be pursuing blatant party advantage. The Boardroom of the Falklands would have become just another conniving party politician.

"Cut and run", the label she fears most, would dog her throughout the campaign. The alternative, however, is little more attractive. Mrs Thatcher's reputation is vulnerable to delay as well as to haste. She told the Commons the other day: "I shall not cut out any options." Accordingly, if she rejects the June option, it will now be obvious that she has done so because she remains unsure that she can win. Charges of cut and run would be replaced by jinx that she is running away. The firm Lady would reveal herself as really made of plastic.

The Prime Minister faces an unenviable dilemma for which she can blame no one but herself. As she agonizes at Chequers next weekend over her decision, which she has confirmed is hers alone to make, she will be haunted by the numerous words written 150 years ago by one Lorenzo Dow: "You will be damned if you do. And you will be damned if you don't." I hope the weather keeps fine for her.

The author is Labour MP for Manchester, Ardwick.

# Two centuries of a runaway success

*Gilpinus erat munitus  
Honeste aestimatus  
Londini etiam militum  
In oppido legatus.*

No need, of course, to translate. For readers of *The Times* this version, put into Latin during the last century by "Roberto Scott, Collegii Balliolensis", who became Dean of Rochester, should set no problems. Some might, however, have trouble with the Chinese and Persian renderings. Not everyone will be at home with the one in Orkney dialect.

There appears to be an unquenchable and international fascination in the epic comic poem more familiar to us, which starts

John Gilpin was a citizen  
Of credit and renown,  
A train-band captain eke was he  
Of famous London town.

It is 200 years since *THE HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN*. How he went further than he intended and came home safe at last appeared anonymously in "a select collection of fugitive pieces of wit and humour" called *The Repository*. This London publication in 1783 followed a fleeting appearance in the *Public Advertiser* the previous November.

The saga of the Cheapside draper who set out for Edmonton on a runaway horse and ended up at Ware in Hertfordshire, 14 miles further on, quickly caught the public fancy. Now it is almost part of folk tradition.

The 65 well-turned verses full of quirky humour blazed into popularity from the moment that John Henderson, the actor, giving readings at Free Mason's Hall for the father of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, put the poem into his repertoire in 1785.



Gilpin at the gallop: Caldecott's 1878 illustration

melancholic disposition in his early fifties living deep in Buckinghamshire and little suspected as a comic versifier.

Within half a century Gilpin was published in 45 varying editions and forms. It was a sequel, to parodies and satires. Artists from George Cruikshank to Randolph Caldecott, whose 1878 drawings are still kept in print by Frederick Warne, illustrated the poem. So did Phiz and John Hassall. In more recent years there has been a movie cartoon.

More astonishing manifestations can be seen at an exhibition entirely concerned with John Gilpin at Guildhall Library until June 24. Gilpin and Cowper appear to have originated commercial spin-offs.

There have been Gilpin mugs, Gilpin articulated toys, Gilpin magic lantern slides, Gilpin jigsaws, Gilpin board games, Gilpin place-mats. No T-shirts yet, but this exhibition may prompt them.

Ralph Hyde, the enterprising Keeper of Prints and Maps at Guildhall, has not had to search far for an excuse to mount the 200th anniversary show. Gilpin's lipen-draper's shop may be identified with one which existed a few hundred years from Guildhall. It was in Cheapside opposite the corner of Paternoster Row.

William Cowper largely invented the story, but there was a prototype Gilpin - a draper, John Beyer, born in 1693, who had a shop there. He died at Bath aged 98, some six years after being immortalized by the poet.

Like Beyer, John Gilpin wishes to celebrate his twentieth wedding anniversary, and Mrs Gilpin chooses the Bell at Edmonton for a dinner to mark what she describes as the "twice ten tedious years" of their marriage. Because she fills the family chaise with her sister, her sister's child, and the three Gilpin offspring, John is forced to follow on a borrowed horse.

Hardly clear of the City the "nimbler steed" breaks into a headlong gallop, and Gilpin, clutching the horse's mane, loses hat, wig and gown as well as two bottles of wine which the frugal Mrs Gilpin has insisted he carry.

Horse and rider flash past the Bell

Felix Barker





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## A PRINCELY PERFORMANCE

The Queen is Queen of seven monarchies in the Commonwealth. That position may seem to defy the exacting notions of modern political science. However, it remains a fact that this monarchy is still a potent symbol of national unity and constitutional leadership in sixteen completely free countries, independent of Britain, which are literally continents apart geographically, socially and culturally. It may be asked how a single person can encompass so many identities, and there is no obvious answer. It must lie at the deeper level of consciousness among the countries concerned. How else can one explain the monarch's ability to cross these continental divides and retain hold of the allegiance of Australasia, North America, Caribbean, Asian and Polynesian citizens?

Moreover, the position of the Crown in the British body politic is enormously strengthened by this extra dimension. It puts the Queen, vis a vis her British Prime Ministers, at a much greater advantage than, say, the Benelux or Scandinavian monarchies. They do not have other Prime Ministers with rights of access and continuous close relations scattered across the globe. This strength is vividly portrayed at each meeting of the Commonwealth heads of government.

It is with this constitutional background that the Prince of Wales, with his bride and their son, have just completed their first overseas tour in the Commonwealth. Traditionally the heir to the throne travelled the

empire before accession. King George VI, though he went to Australasia as Duke of York and Canada as King, never visited India, unlike his father and grandfather, who became duly seduced by its magic. Perhaps that was fortunate, since King George's reign was to witness the establishment of an Indian republic, yet it also ushered in the era of a mixed Commonwealth of monarchies and republics, which must stand as one of the lasting monuments to King George's wisdom and tolerance of the implications of a post-imperial crown.

The reception of the Prince and Princess of Wales has strikingly reasserted the point that the royal family belongs to seventeen nations. That should also be a welcome reminder to those British politicians who tend to forget the Commonwealth dimension when proposing changes in the status of the crown. Under the terms of the Statute of Westminster in 1931, which established the concept of independent monarchies - making the Queen the Queen of Canada, for instance, or Fiji - Parliament can not change the succession without consultation and simultaneous enactment by the Parliaments in other Commonwealth monarchies.

The young couple have also done more than that. The Prince and Princess of Wales - or perhaps one should say the Prince and Princess of Australia, or New Zealand, because that is what they are too - came with their baby; they were seen by multitudes; and by all accounts they conquered. There will

naturally be prudent counsel to caution against the possibility of mass interest such as befits the lions of the entertainment world. It must indeed be a strain for the Princess to be the object of such friendly intensity (Prince Charles after all is an old hand at being a celebrity, besides being a frequent visitor and anyway a former schoolboy in Australia).

If there is elation, there must also be exhaustion. The Princess, for all the worrying which have been voiced about her youth, her upbringing from a broken home, her slender education, has shown that she has the courage to meet these obligations in her own way. Perhaps it was not until she and her husband could get continents away from the time-worn conventions of the British court that she was able fully to find her public character and the inner confidence to sustain it - uninhibited by the proximity of that court, or the Queen (who besides being Queen is also a mother-in-law), and about whose business all the Royal family are engaged wherever they are.

The tour has thus revealed a new maturity in the couple, moulded together now more as a partnership in the public imagination than has always been the case in Britain, with their separate programmes and without frequent demonstrations of the family cohesion so reinforced by their travelling with their son. In another hemisphere, but so also in the Britain to which they will return, the promise of that wedding, with its music, its bunting and the acclamations, have now been confidently fulfilled.

## ARMS ACROSS THE AEGEAN

While the Arab-Israel conflict with its various ramifications occupies the headlines and the United States Secretary of State, the Greco-Turkish wrangle makes do with an Assistant Secretary of State and the occasional mention on an inside page. So much the better for Turks and Greeks. Since 1974 they have managed to avoid killing each other, and long may they so continue.

The grievances and misunderstandings between them have not been solved, though. Last week they emerged again into a flickering semi-limelight when the Greek government abruptly cancelled its appointments with Mr Richard Burt, the Assistant Secretary of State for European Affairs, in reaction to remarks he had made while visiting Turkey.

By far the most serious and sensitive issue dividing the two peoples, because of its human dimensions, is still that of Cyprus. Nearly nine years after the Turkish intervention there the northern two thirds of the island remains occupied by Turkish troops and the Greek Cypriot inhabitants of that area, who claim to number two hundred thousand, are still excluded from it. Greeks of Greece and Greeks of Cyprus alike regard this as a crying international scandal, and make no secret of their scepticism about the never-ending inter-communal talks between Greek and Turkish Cypriots as a remedy for it.

These talks, they say, will never produce results unless

Turkey, the occupying power, is willing to compromise. Since there is no sign of that, they have decided, after clearing up one or two acrimonious side issues between Athens and Nicosia, to take their case once again to the United Nations.

The United States administration has no particular liking for, or faith in, the UN General Assembly, and it knows that Turkey strongly resents attempts by the Greeks to browbeat her through the UN. Part of Mr Burt's sin, in the eyes of the Greek government, was that while in Ankara he gratified his Turkish hosts by publicly criticizing the Greek attempt to internationalize the Cyprus issue by raising it at the United Nations.

But the main source of Greek umbrage in Mr Burt's remarks had no direct connexion with Cyprus. It was his rejection of the seven-to-ten ratio which Congress is seeking to maintain between Greece and Turkey in the allocation of United States military aid. This ratio was first established de facto in 1976, when Dr Kissinger was anxious to buy off Greek opposition to the lifting of the Congressional embargo on United States arms deliveries to Turkey, imposed after the intervention in Cyprus. It has never been formalized, but Congress has consistently amended successive foreign aid appropriations so as to maintain "the current balance of military strength among the countries of the Eastern Mediterranean".

That the Administration,

concerned with Turkey's exposed position bordering the Soviet Union, disagrees with this policy is not news. Nor was it surprising that Mr Burt should voice this disagreement to his Turkish hosts. It was perhaps tactless of him to do so publicly just before his scheduled arrival in Athens, where he was reported as having described the ratio as "artificial" or even "absurd and groundless".

The Greek government's indignation may have been genuine enough. But the incident also had its uses for Mr Papandreu, who tried (unsuccessfully) to head off a minor industrial crisis at home by deflecting left-wing anger against the Americans, and adopted a tone of outraged national dignity to formulate a position on the future of American bases in Greece which is actually slightly softer than before. He is no longer demanding a date for the removal of the bases but only for the expiry of the agreement, leaving open the possibility of renewal.

The chances are that when Mr Reginald Bartholomew, the United States negotiator, returns to Athens in mid-May he will be able to satisfy the Greeks both on this point and on the issue of balance between Greece and Turkey. Congress is a powerful ally and the Administration, while it may find Mr Papandreu tiresome, does want to keep its Greek bases. But real friendship between Greece and the United States is unlikely so long as the Cyprus issue remains unresolved.

## SINO-SATELLITE RELATIONS

An enduring result of Chairman Mao's Cultural Revolution has been the moribund state of relations between China and Eastern Europe. During the last ten years of his life Mao showed an interest in the countries of Eastern Europe only to the extent that they displayed a marked degree of independence from Moscow. In practice this meant that only the Albanian and Romanian Communist parties were able to maintain good working relations with their Chinese counterparts.

Shortly after Mao's death in 1976, his policy was modified, in so far as the Chinese Communist Party reestablished ties with the Communist League of Yugoslavia, and soon afterwards severed all links with the Albanians. At the time these moves seemed to presage a sea-change in China's attitude towards East Europe as a whole, especially since leading Chinese economists like Sun Yefang were starting to show a lively interest in the economic models of Hungary and Poland as well as Yugoslavia. But perhaps because of China's opening to the West and Japan, not to mention the continuing Sino-Soviet dispute, relations between China and the rest of Eastern Europe were in fact largely unaffected.

Now, it seems, the time is ripe for a fresh approach to the problem. The gilt has worn off China's relationship with the United States, as a result of which it is paying increasing

attention to the political and economic potential of Europe. Its tentative moves towards better relations with the Soviet Union have opened the way to a reassessment of its policy towards the Soviet bloc as a whole.

Economic planners and administrators in China have been moving to the view that in some respects the goods and equipment available from Soviet bloc countries are better suited to China's needs than those from the capitalist world. And the steps that the Chinese Communist Party has been taking to restore ties with orthodox Communist parties in West Europe - including the pro-Soviet Communist Party of France - have been leading it inexorably towards mending its fences with communist parties further East.

Trade between China and Eastern Europe has been growing, in parallel with the recent increase in trade between China and the Soviet Union - though China's trade with the Soviet bloc is still only a fraction of its trade with the West. There have been cultural, educational and athletic exchanges. And this month a Chinese foreign ministry official is due to visit East Berlin, Warsaw and Budapest, while another is going to Prague and Sofia.

Their visits will be overshadowed by the much-publicized visit of the General Secretary of the Chinese Com-

munist Party, Hu Yaobang, to Romania and Yugoslavia, which begins this week. But whereas Hu Yaobang's visit - his first since taking charge of the Chinese Communist Party two years ago - is the latest in a series of top-level exchanges with Romania and Yugoslavia, his foreign ministry colleagues will be breaking new ground, and discreetly restoring contacts broken off in the early 1960s.

It would not do to overdraw the picture. In spite of their more tolerant and receptive view of the communist world, the Chinese still insist that they will have no truck with communist parties that interfere in others' affairs - meaning first and foremost the Soviet Communist Party. In a more general way they continue to harbour deep suspicions of Soviet aims and intentions, suspicions amply reciprocated by Mr Andropov and his colleagues. As long as Sino-Soviet relations are inhibited in this way, there will be strict limits on the dealings between China and Moscow's allies in Eastern Europe, at both government and party levels.

So while China and Eastern Europe may gradually succeed in breaking out of the impasse in their relations, there is no question of a speedy or dramatic rapprochement between them. Relations, if they evolve, will evolve slowly, with the caution born of twenty years' hostility, and with Moscow's watchful eye following each move.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### Improvement of pre-trial procedures

From the Chairman of the Police Complaints Board

Sir, In your Legal Affairs Correspondent's admirably succinct account (April 25, 26, 27) of the amended form of the Government's Police and Criminal Evidence Bill attention is drawn to the omission of two of the Royal Commission on Criminal Procedure's main proposals, a public prosecution service separate from the police and the tape recording of interrogations in police stations.

It is inferred that in the eyes of many the balance of the Bill, as compared with that envisaged by the royal commission, is wrong and is not capable of being put right. This line of criticism appears to assume that the reform of the whole of pre-trial criminal procedure, including both investigation and prosecution could and should be comprehended in one and the same statute. I am bound to say that this was never assumed by the royal commission, and as chairman I did not regard it as practicable.

In announcing the establishment of the royal commission the then Prime Minister said that it would be concerned essentially with matters of principle, a prescription which we followed in developing the framework for re-formulating pre-trial procedures which, in fact, had not been comprehensively reviewed for 150 years; and we went into detail only to the extent necessary to test the practicability of our proposals and to illustrate how they might work.

Much essential further work was deliberately left to the Home Office, to the Attorney General's department, and to the legal and parliamentary draughtsmen, including, for example, the reform in detail of the police complaints system and the formulation of codes of practice

to govern interrogation and identification.

In putting forward the Bill in its present form, whilst at the same time indicating its commitment to the principle of tape-recording interviews subject to further experiment, the Government is proceeding consistently within the general approach.

Likewise the Government has indicated its acceptance, in the Home Secretary's words, of a "strong case in principle for a prosecution service independent of the police" and has set up a working party to examine the main options and to prepare the way for further primary legislation in the full knowledge that there is no question of being able to get it ready for inclusion in the present Bill.

Meanwhile, accepting the royal commission's conclusion that the transition to an independent prosecution service would need to be a gradual process, the Government has taken additional steps in the direction indicated by the royal commission. The Attorney General has provided guidelines on criteria governing prosecution, which are now available for the use of chief constables; and the Home Office is quickening the admittedly long drawn-out process of establishing prosecution solicitors' departments in all police forces, a step which the royal commission regarded as important in moving steadily to a nationwide and statutory service.

In assessing fairly the broad balance of the policy of which this Bill forms one part it is necessary not to discount the above considerations.

Yours faithfully,  
CYRIL PHILLIPS, Chairman,  
Police Complaints Board,  
Waterloo Bridge House,  
Waterloo Road, SE1.  
April 29.

### Use of statutes

From Mr Francis Bennion

Sir, Mr Gerald Kaufman, MP, writes an article (April 25) about the problems caused by the fact that a certain current Bill does not clearly state how it applies to past transactions. Such complaints are very commonly made by frustrated statute users.

As a parliamentary draftsman I feel frustrated about this perennial problem myself, but for a different reason. There is a simple answer to it, which is ignored. Mr Kaufman, as is usual with Opposition politicians, blames Government ineptitude. The real blame lies elsewhere.

Every Act of Parliament should contain a brief "historical file" stating succinctly how each of its provisions applies to "past events". This simple technique, which I have not space to elaborate here, was put to the Law Commission by the late Lord Stow Hill 10 years ago. It has from time to time been put forward since. All the official bodies and persons concerned with the form of our legislation have ignored it.

While politicians are not directly to blame for the constant confusion over the commencement of Acts, it would help if they took an interest in points like this. What may appear dry points of technicality vitally affect the functioning of our laws.

Yours sincerely,  
FRANCIS BENNION,  
24 St Aubyns,  
Hove,  
East Sussex.  
April 25.

### Need for the BBC

From Mr G. R. Richards

Sir, We need the BBC (Howard Davies, feature, April 26) for unless we expect an infinite number of channels to be offered, minorities will not be catered for by cable.

Assume that 5 per cent of the population would watch drama, 95 per cent football. A monopolist, to maximise his market, will supply both. The first commercial supplier would provide soccer, obtaining 95 per cent of viewers. So would the second supplier, for he would still be watched by 47.5 per cent of all potential viewers as compared with the 5 per cent who would prefer drama. The next 17 suppliers would provide football.

Assuming that the area in which "the poor" live is cable, they may find the cost of cable even higher than a regressive licence fee. A connection charge will be levied in one form or another, just as much of a burden as a licence fee but without the right to watch programmes. They would be extra, for this is pay-per-view.

Yours faithfully,  
GARY RICHARDS,  
23 Stowe Road, W12.  
April 26.

### Desirable residence

From Sir Robin Hooper

Sir, With respect to Mr Noakes (April 23) the present British Embassy and former Consulate General at Tunis was not, as is often suggested, presented to Queen Victoria. It was placed - in 1858, not 1885 - at the disposal of the then Consul General, Sir Richard Wood; and the arrangements under which we hold it, not finally codified till 1923, still provide that the property remains in the ownership of the Tunisian state and that if our foreign staff were to have their way and we were to move to accommodation more suited to our present reduced circumstances, it would revert to Tunisia.

We acquired our railway station as part of an agreement with the company which, at the end of the last century, built a light railway from Tunis to La Marsa, which was to pass across Consulate land. The railway was torn up after the last war and, sadly, only the station platform remains.

### Outside the system

From Mr G. E. Hester

Sir, Your informed leading article, "Schools outside the system" (April 23), rightly points out that in England and Wales "the religious compromise set out in the 1944 Education Act has been remarkably successful".

Perhaps, however, you are right to use the past tense since the voluntary schools seem to be under attack from the left and the right. The left wants to scrap them on ideological grounds, and if it can threaten Roman Catholic schools in Liverpool, then nowhere else can feel safe. The right claims to support voluntary schools, but in practice makes cuts in the name of cost-effectiveness.

Your leading article observes that "the Roman Catholic teachers' colleges... are among the country's best". Yet one of them, De La Salle, near Manchester, is under threat of closure. The Catholic authorities have had to go to the courts to try to obtain traditional consultation and procedures.

The system of voluntary schools to your leading article mentions is indeed a fine system, but it is under threat and those who value it must be vigilant.

Yours etc,  
G. E. HESTER, Headmaster,  
St Joseph's RC School,  
Horwich,  
Bolton,  
Lancashire.  
April 23.

### Rewarding volunteers

From Mr J. Fleming

Sir, In view of the proposed voluntary scheme to give youngsters experience in the armed services, it is not appropriate to consider wider provision for unemployed people wishing to take part in other voluntary schemes?

At present a youngster wishing to do voluntary work must forfeit his unemployment benefit since he is technically "unavailable for work". However, such work, for example with handicapped or elderly people, is often found to be highly rewarding, providing the youngster with confidence and self-respect, not to mention a sense of responsibility; surely true "character-building" qualities.

Youngsters should be encouraged to get involved with all kinds of voluntary projects, not penalised financially for showing such initiative. To say they are making themselves unavailable for work is both cruel and unrealistic. The alternative of enforced idleness is far more likely to keep people unfit for work.

Yours faithfully,  
J. FLEMING,  
279 Upton Lane,  
Forest Gate, E7.  
April 15.

### Questions over aid to Third World

From Professor Walter Elkan

Sir, Professors Bauer and Yamey (feature, April 11) do not need me to defend them from the barrage of hostile comment that their excellent and courageous article has elicited. But it may have escaped readers' notice that most of the letters cited examples of excellent help provided by voluntary agencies, like the Save the Children Fund, Oxfam and VSO (Voluntary Service Overseas) as a rebuttal of Bauer and Yamey's central point, which was that official aid cannot significantly promote Third World development.

It is true that in a short article packed with challenging ideas they did not make that distinction clear, but I would be surprised if they were not perfectly prepared to concede the usefulness of much of the work done on a shoestring by the voluntary agencies and to applaud it, as I do.

Their scepticism was directed at official aid, provided by governments and multilateral organizations like the UN, the European Development Fund and the World Bank, only a minute fraction of which is channelled through the voluntary organizations and most of which goes directly to governments of the recipient countries.

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This scepticism, which Bauer and Yamey were the first to voice, decades ago, is now very widely shared, but few have the courage to say so in public or to acknowledge the debt they owe, especially to Professor Bauer, for helping to change the climate of opinion over the years.

Frank Judd, in his letter of April 25, says: "Aid is effective if channelled in the right direction". Who could disagree? The problem is that a large part (not all) of official aid has not been and that the obstacles to a proper use of aid seem always to elude the donors.

Yours faithfully,  
WALTER ELKAN,  
Brunel University,  
Department of Economics,  
Uxbridge, Middlesex.  
April 26.

### From the Prime Minister of Belize

Sir, Foreign aid, in our economic cooperation programmes, has helped the development of Belize, contrary to the thesis of Professors Bauer and Yamey in their article, "Why we should close our purse to the Third World", appearing in *The Times* of April 11.

Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher deserves to be encouraged to continue doing what is right and just.

Belmopan, the small new capital of Belize, was built in cooperation with the United Kingdom, part grant, part loan. The poor benefited from employment and learnt better

building techniques to apply to future development. The Belmopan Hospital and schools serve the poor of the area.

The poor have benefited also by roads and bridges, built in part with aid funds. They help open markets to poor farmers.

A modern water and sewerage system in Belize City, in cooperation with Canada, the European Economic Community, the United States of America, added to our limited resources have been invested in schools, hospitals, houses and other infrastructure for the benefit of our people, most of whom are among the poor.

This praiseworthy cooperation has done much for the poor of Belize, whose government is committed to improving the material standards of life.

Sincerely,  
GEORGE PRICE,  
Office of the Prime Minister,  
Belmopan,  
Cayo District, Belize,  
Central America.

### From Mr A. Michael Wood

Sir, The arguments put forward by Professors Peter Bauer and Basil Yamey in your issue of April 11 concerning the inefficiency of aid are valuable in making us rethink aid in relation to development. I believe that this view, even if somewhat overstated and unduly cynical, is a healthier one than that propounded in the two Brandt reports.

For those of us working in developing countries the misuse of official aid is a commonplace occurrence and has led to a general disillusionment in the whole process. The fault, sometimes, is with the donor who has not monitored the grants and loans sufficiently tightly to ensure that the money is spent as it was intended. It is evident now, however, that this lesson has been learnt and that the accountability and administration of aid is being better handled than previously.

The voluntary agencies who do work among the poorer sections of the community in developing countries maintain that, in large measure, aid given through them goes further and to the people it was intended to help. There are, of course, mistakes and failures but the plight of the poor in the developing world would be far worse if it wasn't for the work of countless agencies who are attempting to make life for these people more tolerable until such time as they are able to stand on their own feet.

Yours faithfully,  
A. MICHAEL WOOD,  
Director General,  
African Medical and Research  
Foundation (AMREF),  
Wilson Airport,  
PO Box 30125, Nairobi, Kenya.

### CND and propaganda

From Mr P. G. Hawkins

Sir, In your leading article (April 21) you observed that "a wide variety of people are clearly prepared to join the CND because they wish for one-sided nuclear disarmament...". I suspect that many people may also be persuaded by current CND appeals into joining without even realising that one-sided nuclear disarmament is, and always has been, a fundamental tenet of CND policy.

CND leaflets currently being distributed to Oxford residents make no mention of unilateral nuclear disarmament and ignore the deterrent purpose of the West's nuclear weapons. They base their appeal for membership and funds exclusively on fear of consequences

of installing cruise and Trident in the United Kingdom.

The message they put across is: "Cruise and Trident will make you a target for nuclear attack and will be ineffective to defend you in the nuclear war which will follow - so help to ensure that they are not installed by joining CND and completing the attached banker's order. This is the only way to ensure that you and your children survive".

This appeal to the emotions is at least misleading, if not downright deceitful. Today's consumer protection legislation ensures that no advertiser of goods or services could get away with such misrepresentation. Why should organizations such as CND be able to do so?

Yours faithfully,  
P. G. HAWKINS,  
25 Upland Park Road, Oxford.

### Alliance and cruise

From Lord Mayhew

Sir, Mr Geoffrey Smith (feature, April 26) forecasts with reasonable accuracy some of the policies likely to be adopted by the Liberal-Social Democratic Alliance in the field of defence. But on cruise missiles he misses the point.

A Soviet-American agreement at Geneva will not be reached without concessions on both sides; and in their negotiating postures both sides have to take serious account of Britain's willingness or unwillingness to deploy.

The British Government has

declared that if no agreement is reached it will deploy; this relieves the Americans from any British pressure to make concessions. The Labour Party has declared that it will not deploy in any circumstances; this relieves the Russians from any British pressure to make concessions. But if we declare, as the Alliance is likely to recommend, that we will deploy or not deploy according to the negotiating positions of the two sides, we shall be bringing powerful pressure on both of them to agree.

Yours faithfully,  
MAYHEW,  
House of Lords.

### Democratic monarchies

From Sir Iain Moncreiffe of that Ilk

Sir, King Umberto's recent death in exile reminds us that the majority of genuine democracies in Europe safely west of the iron curtain, whose people can choose their fate, are constitutional monarchies: the three Scandinavian monarchies, the three Benelux monarchies, ourselves and renaissance Spain, not to mention happy Liechtenstein and Monaco.

Some years ago we travelled through Red China. Everywhere they asked politely, "How is Elizabeth?" and were thrilled to see the Queen's portrait on our coins. Yet when I telephoned soon afterwards to the West German Embassy in London to ask their President's name, the answer was: "Sorry, I'll find out." It turned out to be Scheel. And how many Africans or Americans who know our splendid Queen could name the worthy Presidents of Italy and Greece today?

Why, then, are the Italians so afraid of true democracy that neither the late King Umberto nor his heirs are allowed to live (or even die) in Italy in case, after getting to know them, the Italian people were to choose to exercise what should be their democratic right to re-elect them to be their constitutional monarchs if it were to become the popular will?

Yours truly,  
IAIN MONCREIFFE OF  
THAT ILK,  
Easter Moncreiffe,  
Perthshire.

### Flight of fancy

From Mr W. J. B. Salisbury

Sir, The evidence of a BBC Unnatural History Unit (letters April 19, 23) has not always been so prevalent. In the good old days, "FX" had to be right. In Bristol, where the present NHU Library was born, such producers as Mollie Austin taught me (a young "effects" man) to shun the collared dove in Lorna Doone's Exmoor; not only the bird had to be right, the recording of it had to have been made in the appropriate month. Heaven help a producer who allowed a LNER engine to chuff out of Paddington, or a careless use of coconut shells to produce a three-legged horse.

Brandon Acton-Bond was another West Region perfectionist for whom I scoured the Dorset landscapes for vistas without TV aerials or telegraph poles. He rejected hedges chopped by modern trimmers, and even a local cow which was required to make a brief appearance in the background was heavily made up.

I did, silently, wonder how many viewers would have noticed the anachronism of a Friesian in Thomas Hardy.

Yours faithfully,  
W. J. B. SALISBURY,  
Gardens,  
Back Lane,  
Draycott,  
Chedder,  
Somerset.  
April 23.



























# Pavement and field: Women's bastions on the bomb



Women for defence: Lady Olga Maitland (second from left) and her supporters with their petition in London yesterday. (Photograph: John Voos).

Lady Olga Maitland's anti-unilateral disarmament group, Women and Families for Defence, held its first public meeting yesterday (report below) while women at the Greenham Common peace camp continued their protest against the siting of cruise missiles in Britain (report right).

About 150 people braved pouring rain in Trafalgar Square, London, yesterday to sing "Land of Hope and Glory" and argue the case for an effective nuclear deterrent linked to multilateral disarmament negotiations, in the first public gathering organized by Women and Families for Defence, Nicholas Timmins writes.

Earlier a 13,000-signature petition calling on the Soviet Union to respond positively and urgently to the West's proposals for missile reductions was politely but firmly rejected by the Soviet Embassy.

A disembodied voice over the intercom at the embassy gates

informed Lady Olga Maitland, the founder of Women for Defence, that the embassy was closed for the day and did not accept petitions.

Lady Olga left the petition in its cardboard box at the gates, with some tulips, but then had to take it away after the police received a telephone call from the embassy complaining about litter.

Lady Olga, who then took the petition to Trafalgar Square, said: "It shows how intransigent the Russians are in their willingness to talk."

"They will not get away with it. I absolutely promise all the men and women of this country that Mr Andropov in the Kremlin will receive this petition by post". The embassy voice said that an appointment could always be made for an interview. Lady Olga said she was considering that.

She was watched delivering the petition by a small group of Young Liberals who are holding

a 24-hour vigil outside the embassy seeking a halt in the deployment of Soviet SS20 missiles.

Back in Trafalgar Square, the thin ranks of supporters heard a number of Conservative candidates and MPs, the actress Dora Bryan and Admiral Sir John Roxborough, a former head of the Nato and Polaris submarine fleets.

Sir John quoted Lenin on peace meaning "communist world control" and asked of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament: "I wonder if they really understand what peace means when it is on the lips of the Russians."

Lady Olga said afterwards that she was "delighted" with the turnout, which she put at 1,000 at least. The idea, she said, had not been to hold a rally but simply to report back on the delivery of the petition to supporters.



Women for peace: Lunch 'al fresco' at Greenham. (Photograph: Bill Warhurst).

"This may appear a very silly question", I ventured, twisting the toes of my wellingtons self-consciously in the Greenham Common mud. "But why are there no men in the peace camp?" Alan Hamilton writes.

Iona threw up her hands in a gesture of exasperated despair. "Oh God", she moaned, rolling her eyes heavenwards, "not that old one again. Look, if you really want to know, I'll have to go into feminism, and sex stereotyping, and role-playing, and it'll take half an hour, and you won't write any of it down because you men just want it all in a sentence."

Just came to the rescue. Just Jane and just Iona. The sisters are shy about surnames; too much self-identity destroys group consciousness. "It has to do with women leaving home to assert themselves for peace. This group is about raising women's consciousness to make them aware they can stop war. We are 52 per cent of the population."

But I thought, I said, it was about preventing the basing of cruise missiles in this sweet corner of Berkshire.

"Oh yes, we must never forget our main purpose. We have to believe cruise will still not come, and we certainly intend to stay here even if it does. The camp will still have been of enormous value in airing the issue so much."

The Greenham Common peace women, like the Bomb, will not go away however much the predominantly Conservative voters of Newbury wish they would. For events like the joining of hands round the nine-mile perimeter fence, Greenham will still draw thousands.

Between times, a hard core of about 30 women still maintain their vigil at the main gate, sheltering from the elements in their "benders" - tents of

multicoloured polythene sheet stretched over a frame of bent hazel.

They enliven their vigil with an occasional act of protest. The other day they pulled off a wizard prank when, at 6.31 in the morning just as the moon was full, they sealed off the base for nearly an hour by the simple expedient of putting the strongest bicycle locks they could find on each of the 11 gates.

Having tried and failed with a hacksaw blade, the United States Air Force had to bulldoze the main gate off its hinges to allow the early shift of civilian workers inside the wire.

"We locked them inside their own monster for a while", Bee said gleefully. "We are trying to show that a nuclear society can turn into a police society." Inside the gate, a vanload of the police stopped its fast in boredom inside the value, devoutly wishing to return to the police station. They did not come too near the women at any stage of the prank.

A group of sightseeing Danish students turned up and were drawn into discussion round the camp fire where a blackened teapot was singing with the aid of a packet of Sainsbury's firelighters.

It is much more primitive than we imagined, one Danish girl said, slightly abashed at the scattered rubbish, the chemical laboratories hidden in the bushes, the washing hanging on trees and the piles of straw for seating.

The Greenham Common women have become, inevitably, a menagerie. "People stop their cars, get themselves photographed by the benders and drive away again", Tricia complained. But they suffer little direct abuse, even when they go shopping in Newbury. "But people do give you the

look, and will walk to the other side of the pavement", Sarah said. "In the shops, they will put the change down on the counter rather than put it in your hand. And there are only two pubs in Newbury that will let us in."

That is not strictly correct. We took Irica in her muddy wellingtons and hitch-hiker's beard into the Swan Inn, an oak-beamed hostelry of well-dressed clientele, where an eyelid or two was batted but where she was served without demer.

But Newbury would, on the whole, rather they folded their tents and slipped away. The postman still delivers them letters of support from all over the world, which they keep in an old refrigerator by the camp fire, but the district council long ago stopped collecting their rubbish and any visitor is liable to be asked to take a sack of garbage to the public tip.

Newbury District Council has so far refrained from enforcing the legal powers it has obtained to evict the women. An injunction restraining 21 of them from camping on council land has merely meant that those involved have moved their "benders" a few yards to the west on a gravel patch by the roadside, which is owned by the Department of Transport.

The remainder have pitched their tents defiantly on Newbury Council land.

But the women are not without friends. Next Saturday Berkshire County Council will debate a motion from Mr Alan Furley, a Labour councillor, which calls for the women's right to protest without harassment at the camp gates. Berkshire being a hung council, the outcome is far from certain, but the women fear the motion will be lost.

## Letter from Moscow

### Russian-made 'bubbly' for the working man

"We owe it all to our very own Prince Goliysky", the champagne factory manager said. "We raised our glasses of clear, sparkling Soviet champagne, and drink to the memory of the Prince, who in the eighteenth century had the foresight to lay the foundations of Russian viticulture on his landed estates in the Crimea."

Even through a slight champagne-induced haze, the rough-tewn and jovial factory manager did not look like a man who could claim kinship with one of Russia's oldest aristocratic families. Nor could he, as it turned out, since (like Stalin) he was the son of a poor family from Georgia. Just to be on the safe side we drank toasts to Stalin as well.

On of the most striking paradoxes of Soviet life is that champagne is the drink of the working man. Most Russian men have vodka in their veins, and they drink quantities of watery beer in rather sad and scurvy bars. But so into any restaurant in Moscow, or even in a provincial town, and you will find tables laden with champagne, drunk by both men and women. Where they get the money from is a mystery. At £6 a bottle in shops, and more in restaurants, Soviet champagne is not cheap (the average monthly wage is about £150).

Yet vast quantities are produced, and consumed. There has been a deliberate government policy to make it a symbol of privilege available to the masses.

Shampanskoe is drunk at weddings, birthdays, on numerous public holidays when friends come to visit, to mark arrivals and departures, or for no reason at all. It has a high alcohol content, and is really powerful when drunk with vodka (as it often is).

Out at the "Sixty years of the USSR champagne factory" the huge vats of champagne bubble quietly away before being bottled and labeled on an assembly line where most of the employees are women. In the cool, tall rooms where the scientifically controlled machinery hums to itself there are no human beings at all, just computers channelling the right mix of wine, sugar and gas - the process known in Russia as *shampanskaya*.

The hermetically sealed containers produce 100 litres of vinamaterial an hour, for filtering and bottling. It emerges as dry, semi-dry, sweet or brut champagne which makes a satisfactory fountain when the (imposed) plastic cork pops out.

It is tempting to draw a parallel with the spraying factory next door which produces the Soviet version of Pepsi-Cola and Coca-Cola (the fizzy orange drink). In the champagne factory, the soft drinks bottling plant is set in a raw industrial estate on the outskirts of Moscow, and was completed in time to meet the extra demand generated by the Moscow Olympic Games three years ago.

The Russians are keen to point out that their champagnes are not just sparkling wines, however. "Our champagnes are known all over the world as the very best," the factory manager said proudly. "Even in France."

Some of the wine used to make Soviet champagne is imported from Argentina, although the Russians deny this. They prefer to emphasize the use of good white wine from Moldova, Georgia, on the Caucasus, brought up to Moscow by the lorry and train-load.

In the southern republics, some champagne is still made by the traditional "bottle method," but the "reserve" or vat process is gradually taking over. The giant "Stizh Anniversary" factory produces 20 million bottles of very drinkable champagne a year, which makes it the largest champagne factory in Europe.

France and West Germany have expressed an interest in buying the technology developed by the Russians for mass production of champagne.

At present Russia occupies third place behind them in the league of world champagne production, but the current five-year plan target of 300m bottles a year ought to put the Soviet Union comfortably in first place within the next two years.

What Prince Goliysky would have thought of it is quite another matter.

Richard Owen

## THE TIMES INFORMATION SERVICE

### Today's events

#### New exhibitions

Aberdeen Streets: Prints of Aberdeen by Jim Furness, Bill Baxter, Don Kelman and Willie Watson. Fraserburgh Library, Grampian: Mon to Fri 9.30 to 1. Thurs 9.30 to 5. Sat 10 to 1 and 2 to 5; from today until May 31. Japanese Inheritance: ancient and modern Japan. Central Library, George IV Bridge, Edinburgh: Mon to Fri 9 to 9.30, Sat 9 to 1; from today until May 12. Paintings by Bet Low, Compass

Gallery, 178 West Regent Street, Glasgow: Mon to Sat 10.30 to 5.30 (from today until May 19).

Miners of Warwickshire. The New Coventry Cathedral: Mon to Fri 8.30 to 7.30, except during services; (until May 15).

Last chance to see

Mount McKinley Portrait: Photographs of Alaska by Bradford Washburn. The Octagon, Milson Street, Bath: Mon to Sat 10 to 4.45 (ends today).

Talks, lectures

Life at a Microscopic Level, by L. T. Bunyan, Royal Scottish

Museum, Chambers Street, Edinburgh, 2.

Holden Hurst and Throop, by D. Cies. Bournemouth Museum, East Cliff, 7.

Music

Concert by City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, The Hall, University of Warwick Arts Centre, Coventry, 8.

Organ recital by Timothy Hone, Coventry Cathedral, 1.05.

Bromsgrove Festival Young Musicians Platform

concert, North Worcestershire College, Southside Hall, Bromsgrove, 7.30.

General

Second Edinburgh Brass Rubbing Festival, Canongate Tolbooth, Edinburgh: Mon to Sat 10 to 3 (from today until May 14).

Air Display: Formation aerobatics, parachute and ballooning displays, Old Warden Aerodrome, Biggleswade, Bedfordshire, from 2.

Dover Castle, Fagant and Marine Festival, Connaught Park, Dover, all day, parade at 11.

Mayfest: International Festival of Popular Music and Theatre, Third Eye Centre, 350 Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, 7.

East of England Home and Garden Show, Lilford Park, nr Ousley, Northamptonshire, 10 to 5.

The Bell Tower of St Paul's Cathedral open to the public, tours of the ringing chamber and belfry, 11 to 5.

Spring fair: stalls, donkey rides, children's games and races, Waterlow Park and Lauderdale House, Highgate Hill, N6, from 10.30.

May festival: music, Punch and Judy show, clowns, Riverside Studios, Crisp Road, Hammersmith, W6, from 11.

International Music Show: band concert, fireworks, fair, Alexandra Park and Pavilion, Wood Green, N22, 10.30 to 9 (10.30 to 1 tomorrow).

### Nature notes

The last summer visitors are coming in. Spotted flycatchers are back: they sit hunched on a gatepost, dart into the air for a passing insect, and snap back onto their perch as if they were tied to it by cords.

Others have been seen in the garden: the first of the year, a male and a female, on the grass-moors; the male hovers and glides over the nesting grounds, his ringing, trilling song audible from far away. Whimbrels, the smaller relatives of the curlew, are making their way up the coast to the Orkneys and the Shetlands.

On the time trees, the young leaves hang on the black twigs like small green lanterns. The first elm-leaves are breaking out of their pink buds. Young oak-leaves are a pale olive, like the lacy catkins that surround them. The new sycamore leaves are often pink or copper-coloured, but the trees look bright green because of the heavy sprays of dangling flowers. On crabapple trees, the red buds open to reveal themselves as white blossoms.

DJM

Red Cross Week

Red Cross Week begins today. Displays showing how help is given to the needy are open to the public in all branches of the British Red Cross Society throughout the week.

Donations may be made in street collectors, or sent to the Society's headquarters at 9 Grosvenor Crescent, London SW1X 7EJ.

Bond winners

Winning numbers in the weekly draw for Premium Bond prizes are: £100,000: 23AN 615182 (the winner comes from Kent); £50,000: 23VF 865936 (Bristol); £25,000: 6ET 697134 (Pik).

The pound

Bank Bank Bank

Australia 1.87 1.79

Austria 28.48 26.60

Belgium 79.25 75.25

Canada 1.98 1.90

Denmark 14.22 13.50

Finland 8.98 8.40

France 11.97 11.37

Germany 3.59 3.79

Greece 136.00 127.00

Hong Kong 11.10 10.52

Ireland 1.27 1.20

Italy 2350.00 2240.00

Japan 390.00 370.00

Netherlands 4.49 4.27

Norway 1.57 1.50

Sweden 2.00 1.90

Switzerland 2.60 2.50

USA 1.62 1.45

Yugoslavia 126.50 119.50

Retail Price Index: 327.9.

London: The FT index closed down 1.5 on Friday at 693.3.

New York: The Dow Jones industrial average closed up 6.68 on Friday at 1226.20.

### Roads

London and South-east: Heavy

traffic expected at Shepherd's Bush, A306 and M3; Heavy

traffic on Kempton Park road

expected from noon. A23: Heavy

traffic on Brighton road at

Hickstead from 9.30 to 11.20 am.

Wales and West: A47: Heavy

traffic on junction 25 (A49, Wigan)

and 27 (A5209, Wigan/Stanish).

A50: Manual traffic control at

Lawton crossroads, NW of Kid-

dergrove, Cheshire. All Lane closures

at Boringbridge, N Yorkshire.

Wales and West: M5: Lane

closures between junctions 24

(Minhead) and 37 (Tiverton). A38:

Lane closures on Liskeard-by-pass,

Cornwall. A40: Temporary lights at

Cheltenham Road roundabout,

Gloucester: diversion.

South-east: A82 and A830: Heavy

traffic heading for Fort William for

start of motorway works. A82:

Lane closures on Forth road bridge.

Northern Ireland: Many roads

closed from midday in Belfast for

marathon.

Information supplied by the AA.

The papers

"The weekend paper on record

shows a heavy affected Mrs

Thatcher's judgment," says the

Daily Mirror. "She's a political 'dry'

on every other topic, but when it

comes to naming the (election) day,

she is as soggy as any wet."

The CND has been treated

hitherto with a moral respect which

it does not altogether deserve. The

Sunday Telegraph said yesterday:

"This dangerous and misguided

body has been allowed to acquire an

aura of holiness made all the more

explicable by the presence at its head

of a Roman Catholic priest."

### Weather forecast

An area of low pressure will

be slow-moving over Britain.

6 am to midnight

London, SE, central S, E, SW, central

N England, East Angles, Midlands,

Channel Islands, S Wales: Showers or

longer outbreaks of rain, bright or

intermittent; wind SW to W, moderate,

locally fresh; max temp 11 or 12C (52 to

54F).

Wales, NW England, Lake District,

all of Mass, SW Scotland, Glasgow,

Anglo, Northern Ireland: Mostly cloudy

with fog patches, rain at times; wind

mainly E, moderate to fresh; max temp

8 to 10C (46 to 50F).

NE England, Borders, Edinburgh,

Dundee: Dull and misty, rain at times;

wind W, moderate to fresh; max temp

7 or 8C (45 or 46F).

Aberdeen, Central Highlands, Moray

Fair, NE Scotland: Mostly cloudy, rain

on occasions; wind W, moderate to

fresh to strong; max temp 9C (48F).

NW Scotland, Orkney, Shetland:

Sunny or clear intervals, mainly dry

with E, moderate to fresh; max temp

9 or 10C (48 to 50F).

Outlook for tomorrow and Wednesday:

Continuing unsettled; temperatures

near or a little below normal.

SEA PASSAGES: S, North Sea, Strait

of Dover: Wind SW, strong, locally gale;

sea rough or very rough; visibility

Channell (E): Wind W, strong,

occasionally gale; sea rough or very

rough. St George's Channel, Irish Sea:

Wind W, backing N, fresh, occasionally

strong; sea moderate or rough.

Sun rises: 5.32 am. Sun sets: 8.25 pm.

Moon rises: 1.11 am. Moon sets: 8.49 am.

Last quarter: May 5.

Lighting-up time